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THE BELL OF OLD NORTH

ON THE NIGHT OF THE DEATH OF THE EX-PRESIDENT.

A LOFT in the gray tower
The plodding academic hours it rung.
The fitting steps of merriment and mirth
Chimed from the iron tongue.

Rapid and harsh the clang,—
The foot-falls clattered on the flags below,
Steadily, soullessly the bell proclaimed
The time to come and go.

In the green April days—
At Yule, slow clanking through the sleety mass,
Ever a customary changeless din;
An empty sound of brass.

But when the Master died,
In darkness came a cry from out the tower,
Human and low—was it indeed the bell
That still had told the hour?

Not in the measured haste
That stirred to speed the lagging college folk ;
With the regretful rhythm of a sob
The monitor outspoke.

Tenderly, mournfully,
A solemn music thrilled the brazen round,
As all in grief had the great voice of Time
Broke to a sweeter sound.

Rustled the ivy twine,
Swayed the long tendrils with the saddened bell,
And trembling through each heart a murmur ran
Responsive to the knell.

S. X. E.

MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY AS A POET.

INPRESSIONISM.

IN THE preface to a collection of poems by Charles Dickens, is this introductory sentence :

"There are several among our foremost prose-writers in the present century who, possessing high imagination, and a considerable power of rhythmical expression, have occasionally produced verse of a high though not of the first order."

This, of course, has been true to a greater or less emphasis of Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes, and others, ay, of George Eliot and even Hume, as well as of Dickens (even Ruskin is not known very widely as a poet), while among contemporaneous writers there is scarcely a name connected with art that is not found on the title page of books, not only of prose, but of poems. Mr. R. L. Stevenson has essayed three booklets of charming verse, Mr. George Meredith is among the most subtle of the poets, while Mr. Lang has shown himself as much of a fine versifier as a critic, and Mr. Le Gallienne is as fascinating in his poetry as he is in the delightful prose. One can but notice, too, in a recent anthology of the living English lyrists, how many there are who are more gener-

ally considered as producing no poetry whatever or, if any, sparse and scarcely worth the reading—such men as Archbishop Benson, Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. W. B. Yeates, and so on. Indeed, though, in America may we not cite Mr. W. D. Howells and others and say, using the phrase of Mr. Edmund Gosse, that “the ivory shoulder of the lyre has peeped out now and then?”

But *poeta nascitur non fit*, nevertheless, and all such are they, as Mr. Gosse elsewhere has it, “who only ‘swept, with hurried hand, the strings’ when they thought nobody was listening.”

Mr. W. E. Henley, however, like Mr. Gosse, is perhaps equally well known from his best two books of poems, *A Book of Verses* and *The Song of the Sword*, as from his best prose work, *Views and Reviews*. For, while the latter shows him to be of the finest, most delicate writers in contemporaneous miscellany, the former reveal in him one of the most refined and sensitive moods of the poet and it is perhaps as such that the great world of letters will, in the finality, regard him. As with Mr. William Watson, Mr. Henley’s poetry is better poetry than his prose—though by no means does that disparage the latter.

Having been actually engaged in journalism during his life, Mr. Henley’s essays and verse have been but the issue of too spare moments. But with Mr. Arthur Symons as a fellow-poet and Mr. Walter Pater as an essayist, he combines to form quite an enviable triumvirate of (until Mr. Pater’s lamented death) contemporaneous English impressionists, though Mr. Henley may be said to be perhaps milder than the others in his devotion to the muse of impressionism. The fire is burning on the altar—but the devotee of times slips away and the flame flickers. And now that Mr. Pater is gone, who is there to take his place? Mr. Symons is left dictator.

Of course, the French school has been vastly more developed, as have the German and Italian. One can but mention names—M. Stéphane Mallarmé and Maurice Maeterlinck as perhaps the most representative, though *Pastels in Prose* has a coterie of others.

Impressionism, or symbolism, or the poetry of the *Décadents*, or whatever else you wish to call it, has (it seems to me with curious lack of appreciation) been but little advocated or upheld by the *littérateurs*, and but little written about, the literature on the subject being scattered or obscure and hard to find. The most representative of the French symbolists, M. Mallarmé, has been anathematized by even those whom one would expect to sympathize, and the English impressionists have been vituperated as a jangle of Walt Whitmanism, a Wagner-Dvórákian orchestra put into words, or as very, very inefficient Browningites—that is, *not* poets at all, and with no content whatever to the “poetry.” It is but a fad of ambitious cranks, we are told, and the fate of most of them will be like unto that of Sydney Dobell in English literature, and of M. Jean Moréas in France. “These added to the gayety of nations, and have been forgotten; brief life was here their portion.” Real men of letters, it is cynically insinuated, are not impressionists, dreamy *dilettanti*. Bah! they will have none of it!

What, then, is this “impressionism” of contemporaneous literature, this “symbolism” which has taken hold of a few poets with such a frenzy, and which had taken hold of Mr. Pater so that he was very prone, as Mr. Gosse has it somewhere, to “analyze devils in the accents of an angel?”

It is not “the nobler sensuousness” for one thing, though it may too easily degenerate into it. It is not necessarily mysticism. Nor is it a sort of rhymed Walt Whitmanism, for another thing. Mr. Symonds’s and Mr. Henley’s poetry (except in so far as Mr. Henley has discarded quite often the traditional forms of poetic expression) is no more like Walt Whitman’s, unless it be in the sea poems, than Mr. Pater’s prose is like—well, like Carlyle’s. Not for a moment does this disparage Whitman or Carlyle. I simply mean that impressionism is a different school. For impressionism has as its aim not so much the *technique* of expression, but, in the words of the essayist above quoted, “to use words of such harmonious combinations as will suggest to the reader a mood or a condition *not mentioned in the text*, but is nevertheless paramount in the poet’s mind at the moment of

composition"—an interpretation or definition that received the most spontaneous approval of the French symbolist, M. Stéphane Mallarmé, the subject of the essay, in a letter to Mr. Gosse. So the imagination, then, is left to complete the picture suggested by the words. But it must not be overdone. The picture must be very delicate.

Walt Whitman was not an impressionist. He could be called, in the best sense, a spontaneous naturalist, and so, in Wordsworth's conception, was a true poet. No one, however, would quite venture to term Mr. Henley or Mr. Symons a naturalist. But they have fallen "under the spell of that strange nature—half Bohemian, half unhappy child—with its exquisite sensitiveness to every aspect of outer life, its violin-like delicacy and subtlety of expression, its power of throwing the 'wizard twilight' of a strange and mystic significance about the objects that the ordinary man passes with the dull, habitual glance of one who sees them without seeing, every day of his life."

And is it not the rarest power to be able to be a true impressionist, either in painting or in literature? "Ay, it's a gift," Tammas Haggart would tell us, "it's a gift." How few impressionists in painting have been able to give that sheen of sunlight a proper caste; how very few there are who do not impart a glare that is *the* defect of defects in impressionistic painting; how few whose paintings convey any adequate conception of what the artist intended, however nicely one may try to regulate his vision! And in English literature of the moment where is there a poet that can rank as a peer to Mr. Henley or Mr. Symons as an impressionist?

But yet—may I be bold enough to assert it hesitatingly?—the truest impressionism approaches very near to the highest art. For, "though we may depend on images," we learn from specialists in psychology, "the highest type of mind is that which can dispense with them and think in symbols." Of course there are those who would instantly object to such a principle when applied to impressionistic painting, and perhaps justifiably. But, waiving for the nonce the hitherto inviolably sacred standards of Pope, Milton, Matthew Arnold, Wordsworth, Coleridge,

and peraps, *rei causa*, even Shakespeare, let us turn casually the leaves of Mr. Henley's books and select therefrom such poems or phrases as may seem best fitted to illustrate.

For example, *In Hospital* is a series of short poems on various aspects of what is to most a horrible and disgusting theme. But, viewed from the highest standpoint and with the most refined emotions, in that purity of feeling of the true poet, all that is pleasing or noble or pathetic in that exceedingly difficult theme is brought forward without a shade of the commonplace. The dainty verses, *Staff-Nurse: Old Style* and *Staff-Nurse: New Style*, are full of keen counter points and unwritten comparisons. There is a not very pronounced vein of humor that is not unpleasant (the question that arises as to how humorous Mr. Henley must be *out of* a hospital is easily solved in his essay on George Eliot). His verses, *Pas'oral* and *Music, Nocturne* and *Discharged*, are exquisitely delicate, while for a parallel to that remarkably graphic, that strong, most expressive picture of the professor and his class in the verses headed *Clinical*, one must search till he gets a glimpse of another surgeon in that most exquisite bit of pathos in all English literature, *Rab and His Friends*, by Dr. John Brown.

Mr. Henley, in these poems as elsewhere, seems often to be at a loss for words, and therefore takes refuge in words of obsolete, obscure meaning, or coins them—his language, though, being usually quite simple and very clear. It may be a rather dangerous precedent, but his new-found phrases are surely expressive. To enumerate but a few of the unusual—twangling, anterotics, shard, ensphered, mistraught, morrice, foists, flick, burking, eyots—strange motley!

In one of his poems Mr. Henley has indulged in a bit of sarcasm on the mind of man. But, to return the fling not harshly with intent, perhaps there may be pathological significance and the tenet that there is a physiological psychology may be made incidentally more tenable in the fact that impressionistic poetry appeals to one most really and is appreciated in all its wealth of indication most fully either during or at the convalescence from an exhausting illness, or possibly more pleasantly, after severe

physical or mental fatigue. Whatever the "why" of it, it is at least certain that the wide realm of suggestiveness is most strikingly and keenly and consolingly manifest as one reads such poems and catches their thoughts when in a state of more or less physical or mental fatigue.

There is not seldom an indescribable but beautiful sadness running through a poem. Mr. Henley has caught some of the most hidden sentiments of the heart, and the noblest, which prose description fails to satisfy, and has embodied them in verse of almost flawless delicacy and tenderness. *Matri Dilectissimæ* is one of the most exquisite poems in literature, as is *What is to Come*; and here let me give the first stanza of a rondeau—

"The leaves are sere, and on the ground
They rustle with an eerie sound,
A sound half whisper and half sigh—
The plaint of sweet things fain to die,
Sad things for which no ruth is found."

One cannot help being fascinated, as he reads, by the wierd conceptions in the poet's mind. What grotesque expressiveness is this!—

"Old Indefatigable,
Time's right-hand man, the Sea
Laughs as in joy
From his millions of wrinkles."

In my recent reading I have happened upon these delicate lines in a poem by Lord De Tabley. Perhaps they will afford with those above an interesting comparison in conception:

"Old King Oceanus,
Blue-eyed, and wrinkled as the sand is wrinkled,
A fair wide face, hoary and ample-browed,
Smiling a sort of helpless animal smile,
And whispering in the tangles of its beard
Of intervolving sea-weeds: a vague bulk
Of humid godship, whom the fisher-folk
See floating, like the limpet-cruled oar
Of some old Argosy wrecked long ago."

And let me now quote one of Mr. Henley's most striking stanzas:

"What should the Trees,
 Midsummer—manifold, each one,
 Voluminous, a labyrinth of life—
 What should such things of bulk and multitude
 Yield of their huge, unutterable selves,
 To the random importunity of Day,
 The blabbing journalist?
 Alert to snatch and publish hour by hour
 Their greenest hints, their leafiest privacies,
 How can he other than endure
 The ruminant irony that foists him off
 With broad-blown falsehoods, or the obviousness
 Of laughter flickering back from sheen to shade,
 And disappearance of homing birds,
 And frolicksome freaks
 Of little boughs that frisk with little boughs?"

Two or three expressions there strongly recall Shelley, and, indeed, might not the words "incommunicable dream," in another poem, have been more fittingly hedged in by quotation marks?

But, perhaps better, let us take this:

"Hist! In the trees fulfilled of night
 (Night and the wretchedness of the sky),
 Is it the hurry of the rain?
 Or the moan of advice of the dead
 Streaming before the irresistible will
 Through the strange dusk of this, the
 Debateable land
 Between their place and ours?"

I would not call such verses unnatural. They are grotesque. Nor are they morbid. They are wierd.

The joyful shout of the troops in Xenophon, "The Sea! the Sea!" seems to have been wafted o'er the waves to every clime in this sea-girt world, and to faintly rescho in some nooks and corners of the study of every poet. Mr. Henley has written some very suggestive thoughts on the sea in his essay on Longfellow, and the poems are full of it, though I think the sea was more than "the passionless wet" with Mr. Henley, just as it really was with Whitman, though the phrase is uniquely sugges-

tive. But here permit a poem that illustrates nearly all of Mr. Henley's best qualities :

" The wan sun westers faint and slow ;
The eastern distance glimmers gray ;
An eerie haze comes creeping low
Across the little, lonely bay ; .
And from the sky-line far away
About the quiet heaven are spread
Mysterious hints of dying day,
Thin, delicate dreams of green and red.

" And weak, reluctant surges lap
And rustle round and down the strand.
No other sound—if it should hap,
The ship that sails from fairy-land !
The silken shrouds with spells are manned,
The hull is magically scrolled,
The squat mast lives, and in the sand
The gold prow-griffin claws a hold.

" It steals to seaward silently ;
Strange fish-folk follow thro' the gloom ;
Great wings flap overhead ; I see
The Castle of the Drowsy Doom
Vague thro' the changeless twilight loom,
Enchanted, hushed. And ever there
She slumbers in eternal bloom,
Her cushions hid with golden hair."

To the dreamer of dreams such occasional pastels (like the *Silhouettes* of Mr. Symons) present a type of feminine attractiveness about whom the sunset rays gather, and, as she blushes, reveal her delightfully to be "divinely feminine in reflective bashfulness." The phrase is Mr. George Meredith's (it could be his only), and who will deny the exquisiteness of the picture ?

If any vituperate these lines of Mr. Henley with alleged obscurity and vauntingly sneer, "What does he mean? We cannot see!" one can but turn silently with them to the pages of an essay by Mr. Gosse and scan and point warningly—"debauched by the facilities of realism"!

Note in the same poem the beautiful onomatopoeia of the first lines in the second stanza.

I think the highest praise I can ascribe to Mr. Henley is to say that these verses strongly call to mind the majestic rhythm of Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach*, and to affirm that the magnificent picture of the sunset in *Margaritae Sorori* is to English poetry what Ruskin's paintings are to English prose.

For perhaps comparatively few are aware that it is Mr. Henley whom we owe for these living lines, in *Margaritae Sorori*:

"The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night,
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep."

And perhaps few may know that it is again Mr. Henley whom we owe for the familiar, oft-quoted couplet:

"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

Possibly Mr. Henley may never be very widely read nor permanently, and only by the few fully appreciated in his art. The best literature has often remained in comparative obscurity (witness Arthur Henry Hallan!). But it may serve to indicate the attitude of the *litterati* to number among his most pronounced admirers Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Dr. A. Conan Doyle, and it is no mean praise to find that philosophic poem, *The Song of the Sword*, cited by Mr. Le Gallienne perhaps but casually, though with what significance, in his book, *The Religion of a Literary Man*, though elsewhere in the book he rails rather disproportionately against the *décadence* in painting.

Dr. Doyle counts Mr. Henley's books as among his inner favorites, in a recent paper about his library complimenting him with this admirable criticism, "the italics being a present to him," as Mr. Henley himself somewhere phrases it:

"When I look at those two thin volumes and the little collection of *Reviews* beneath them I confess that I feel bitter to think that journalism should have made such a call upon one of the first writers of the day,

that this should, after twenty working years, represent his whole permanent output. *At his best we have no modern poetry better than Henley's.* It is a question whether we have any as good. I had rather have written those four magnificent verses which begin :

' Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.'

than any lines that have been written in my time.

"There are really in Henley two distinct styles, which might be the work of two different men. The one is extremely delicate, descriptive work, distinguished by great compression and exactness, as the *In Hospital* verses and in the *London Voluntaries*. After spending years of my life in hospitals, I can appreciate the subtle accuracy as well as the beauty of literary expressions in the former. The other style is large and loud and passionate, running to big thoughts and metaphors."

Mr. Stevenson has gone so far as to write three pleasing plays with Mr. Henley as well as to quote his best poem in an essay, and I feel sure that lovers of Mr. Henley's "two thin volumes" will join with Mr. Stevenson in these closing words of his poem inscribed to him :

"But O, thou!
Uprise and take thy pipe. Bid music flow,
Strains by good thoughts attended, like the spring
The swallows follow over land and sea.
* * * Small the pipe; but O! do thou,
Peak-faced and suffering piper, blow therein
The dirge of heroes dead; and to these sick,
These dying, sound the triumph over death.

* * * * *
So is pain cheered, death comforted; the house
Of sorrow smiles to listen. Once again—
O, thou, Orpheus and Heracles, the bard
And the deliverer, touch the stops again!"

Paul Griswold Huston.

ANTIQUATED VOLUMES.

O PALE-FACED friars of orders brown and grey,
A mightier power ye wield than I can tell!
Each, at his vigils, humbly in his cell,
Alike at dead of night or sunlit day.
Silent ye seem to wait and muse and pray,
But he who knows your sacred cloisters well,
Owns your resistless influence and spell,
Glad subject to your strong and gentle sway.
So oft to the confessional he hies,
Where ignorance is the only fault confessed,
And so continued converse him enthrals,
And many a full-rapt moment fleeting flies
From him, with reverent head bowed on his breast.
Then meekly ye betake you to your stalls.

W. M. Gamble.

R # 30168.

A FEW years ago I determined to take my wife and two children for a prolonged summer outing. The question of hotels and boarding-houses were, of course, first considered, but as I had intended to make a good long season of it, I made up my mind that hotel or boarding-house routine would become monotonous after a little time, and besides, would not admit of having friends visit us as we had a wish to do. For this, my wife and I made up our minds to rent a house in some desirable location, which should have all the advantages of a summer resort. Pure air, cool breezes, good drives, and within convenient reach of the ocean.

It is remarkably easy to think of all the requirements which one considers necessary to make up one's ideal summer residence, but when it comes right down to finding and choosing it, things take on a very different aspect.

I had written to numerous real estate agencies for circulars and pamphlets of information regarding places for rent, and

instead of helping matters, it only put me more at sea. Pamphlets seemed to come in before and after meals. Agencies I had never before heard of, much less written to, sent me their circulars. I was inundated with information. Each pamphlet contained lists of from a dozen to several hundred houses, so that the grand total was something really alarming. There were all sorts of places, with all sorts of surroundings, in all sorts of locations, and at all grades of prices. There wasn't a house among them all but was of a most desirable character, according to the printed statement, so the question was where to begin. It would have consumed a small-sized fortune for traveling expenses and several years time to have undertaken a pilgrimage in order to see even a part of them, so gathering together a dozen which seemed to us might fulfill our expectations, we decided to inspect them and let the vast army of other untenanted places remain in their present state, so far as we were concerned.

The next two weeks were devoted to a tour of investigation. We saw all sorts and conditions of abodes. In some cases the house was all that was to be desired, but the grounds and location were at fault, while in other cases the opposite condition of affairs existed.

Long Island was destined to be our final choice. In a little hamlet by the sea we decided upon our summer home. It was one of those large, comfortable, old-fashioned houses with a broad main hall and large, square rooms placed on either side. The broad, straight staircase was situated on one side and led to the floor above, which corresponded in architecture to the rooms below. Plain, severe and substantial in all its details, it was furnished with all necessary appointments, and many of the large-framed mirrors, wardrobes and other pieces of furniture were evidently those used by forefathers several generations back.

A broad lawn with three or four immense shade trees stretched before the house, while the carriage road formed a large semi-circle, going in at one gate and passing out at the other. In the rear was a stable—like the house, commodious and well kept. Half a mile away was the open sea, which presented a beautiful

view from the upper floors of our prospective home. The town itself, if it could boast the appellation, was made up of a meeting-house, blacksmith shop, railway station and a post-office, which was one of those typical country stores where one's wants, from a hairpin to a team of horses, could be supplied.

Both my wife and myself were much pleased with everything and what struck me most forcibly was the extremely low rent asked for a house such as this one appeared to be. The owners also did everything, and even put themselves out to make things satisfactory to us, which at the time impressed me merely as the result of a desire to rent the house if possible. However, every thing was arranged to our satisfaction, a satisfaction which seemed to be mutual to both contracting parties, and all that remained was to move in.

All housekeeping commodities, including servants and horses, started down two days later under the direction of my wife, who took the two children with her, while I had decided to remain over a day and see that the evacuated home was properly closed up for its summer of unoccupancy. The following afternoon found me on a Long Island train, after having wired my wife to have the carriage meet me on my arrival. Although it took somewhat over an hour to reach my destination, it seemed but a few moments before the station was called out by the brakeman, so occupied had been my mind in laying plans and thinking up schemes for the summer's entertainment.

John, my coachman, was awaiting me with the team and soon I was rolling over the smooth, level roads towards my new home, which was about two miles from the station. I questioned him about this thing and that concerning the stables and conveniences, and although he had everything pertaining to his needs and all seemed satisfactory, yet his manner indicated none of the enthusiasm which is generally to be found among persons who have just made a change of residence, where everything is new and interesting from the mere fact of its being untried. Indeed, he seemed rather more gloomy and taciturn than was ever his wont at home which surprised me very much, but which I attributed perhaps to a little feeling of homesickness, for he had

been in my employ for a number of years and had never had occasion to leave the place before. After having driven a little distance it became evident that there was something weighing on his mind. I felt he had something to tell me, which, however, he seemed at a loss to know how to broach.

Finally he told me that he desired to leave. He said that he was sorry, as he thought a great deal of us all and had always been treated with consideration. This was entirely unexpected, and although I questioned him yet he did not seem to have any tangible reason for wishing to leave my employ. He could give no reason—simply that he felt he could not remain—at least, not as long as we intended remaining where we were. I said no more about it for we soon drove up to the house where I was greeted by my wife and children—if greeting it could be called. My wife seemed to be utterly worn out, while the children were cross and nervous. I felt more like a rescuer who had come to take them away from some dreaded spot, than a husband and father coming to his new and what should have been, happy home.

The children were soon crying for me to take them back to their old home, while my wife seconded them in their request. To say that I was astonished would put it but mildly. I was utterly unable to account for it. My astonishment increased when, as the evening wore on, after dinner, the servants one by one gave notice of their intended departure. None of them—my family nor any of the servants—could give me any reason for wishing to leave—they simply did not wish to stay. My wife told me that none of them had been able to enjoy a moment's rest during the preceding night. The children had laid awake and tossed in their beds, feverish and excited, in fact all of them had been in a state of distressing unrestfulness. I endeavored to soothe them, saying that it was undoubtedly the fatigue and excitement attendant upon moving that was the cause of all the trouble, and I finally induced all hands to remain for a few days longer, when I felt sure all would be well after they were thoroughly rested.

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The children had been sent upstairs to bed some time before, and my wife had retired also, and I was sitting in the library endeavoring to solve this strange phenomena. I could come to no conclusion save the one I had expressed before, namely, that they were all worn out. In fact I could get no further than that idea, for I found myself unable to sit still for any length of time to collect my thoughts. I was getting as restless and uneasy as the rest. I would sink down into my easy chair, but before many minutes had passed I felt an irresistible impulse to get up and pace the floor—anything but sit quiet.

It was nearing midnight, yet there was no sign of sleep in my eyes. I went out into the hall and I could hear an occasional fret from one or the other of the children as they turned restlessly in their sleep. I went upstairs and found my wife in her wrapper standing up before the window and looking out into the darkness. She turned as she heard me approaching, and I could see that she was nervous and unstrung.

I was filled with a vague uneasiness, and after a few soothing words, I left and descended the stairs again. I felt that it would be a physical impossibility for me to sit down again, and sleep seemed to be out of the question, so taking my hat I went out on the grounds. The cool night air was refreshing after the almost unendurable stifling I had experienced indoors. I wandered aimlessly about the lawn and finally brought up at the stables. Seated on a box in front of the barn door sat John, smoking his corn-cob pipe. He too seemed affected in the same strange way. I sat down, and together we discussed the state of affairs, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion. When at length I looked at my watch I found that it was after two o'clock in the morning, yet I was no sleepier than I was at the time I had driven down from the station. I made up my mind, however, to seek my couch and get some sleep, but that was not for me to have. I lay awake and could hear the children, who still fretted and tossed in wakefulness.

Morning came at last, and never was the day more welcome.

Once more I was assailed from all sides with requests to leave the place, but again I prevailed upon them to give the place

another and a fair trial upon my promise that we should return home if things did not improve. They did not improve. If such could be a possibility, it was worse than the night before. I was forced to give my consent to a departure on the following morning, but I had determined, previously, to make a call on a certain doctor, who was an old resident of the town, and ascertain whether or no other persons occupying the house had been similarly affected, and if all sanitary arrangements were as they should be, for the latter idea had become a question in my mind.

Accordingly I drove over after breakfast, and in half an hour's time was seated in the doctor's study awaiting his entrance. In a few minutes he came into the room. He was a large man, standing fully six feet, and weighing, I should have said, two hundred and some pounds. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, with a clean-shaven, round face, which fairly beamed with good nature and hospitality. He greeted me as he would have done an old acquaintance, notwithstanding the fact that I was a total stranger to him. We had fallen into an interested conversation, and it was fully fifteen minutes before I came to a realization of what I had come for.

At last I told him of my mission and recounted from first to last my experience. He sat with eyes downcast during my narration as though he was familiar with what I was telling him, and as though his thoughts were far away. When I had concluded, he remained motionless for a moment or two as though lost deep in thought, then started, as if suddenly brought back to earth.

"Yes," said he, "that is certainly a very strange story, and it becomes stranger and more unexplainable every time I hear it. I have heard the same account," he continued, observing my look of inquiry which his first remark had brought to my face, "from several other persons who, like yourself, have endeavored to tenant that house. No, it's not from any sanitary point of view that the trouble arises, for there never was a more healthful locality, as far as drainage and all that sort of thing is concerned, but—well, that's more than I can explain. Not that I

wouldn't explain if I knew how, but I can think of no explanation.

"There's a strange story connected with that house—a story in which I figure as the hero—it was thrust upon me, so to speak. It happened seven years ago last December, and since that time the house has been uninhabitable. In what way, you yourself are best capable of judging. You are one of a half-dozen who have unknowingly gone through the experience. Hence it is that your story is not new to me, yet it deepens the mystery." He relapsed into thought once more, but I had now become thoroughly interested and had a great desire to hear the story, for I felt myself as part of it, after having experienced what I had. I therefore asked him to relate it to me, as I was curious to know what this strange condition of affairs could possibly be the result of.

"Seven years ago the 19th of last December," he commenced, "after I had finished my rounds for the day, I was seated here, just where I am now—before the large, cheerful, open, wood fire. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and outside the wind was whistling through the bare trees and moaning through eaves and shutters, driving the fine, sand-like snow with stinging force against the window-panes. It was as dark as pitch, and I congratulated myself that the prospects for being called out again were but slight. I tell you nights of that sort, a fellow appreciates a good, comfortable, snug home, with lots of warmth and cheerful light, a library full of good books, and a pipeful of sweet, mild tobacco.

"Well, I had gathered all these little luxuries around me, and had given myself up to a thorough enjoyment of them. I'd had just enough to know how nice they were, and how I'd hate to have to get up and face that cold, bleak night again, when I heard muffled steps on the veranda, and the next moment the door-bell rang. My wife, who was sitting in the room across the hall, answered the ring, and presently I heard the deep, husky tones of a man's voice. I was unable to hear what he said, but my wife called to me to come to the door. With a

sigh I dragged myself from my comfortable surroundings and went.

"Standing on the threshold, and covered with particles of snow, was a man, but all that was visible was a great coat and a slouch hat, which was pulled down over his face, hiding it completely. In a deep, hollow voice, which might have been the result of drink or consumption, I knew not which, he requested me to call and see his wife, who lay seriously ill—where, you can guess. Of course, under the circumstances, there was nothing to do but go. So I asked him in the house to wait until I could get the horse harnessed, when he could drive over with me. After feeling assured, however, that I fully intended going, he turned on his heel and slouched out of sight in the darkness, without even noticing my invitation to ride with me.

"As I closed the door my wife turned to me and tried to dissuade me from going, as she feared from his sinister appearance that his errand might be of evil intent. I must confess that I did not relish my prospective trip, for what with the elements and the nature of the individual with whom I had to deal, the outlook was anything but agreeable. I began to wonder what the house was doing rented at that season of the year, for it had been closed for the winter a month before, and never in my memory had anybody ever lived in it during the winter months. The only conclusion at which I could arrive was that this man and his wife had been sent down to clean and dust up and otherwise 'open' house for some Christmas-week house-party which was to follow after all was in readiness.

"With this solution as a 'quieter' for my wife, I reluctantly put on my ulster and fur cap and gloves, and getting into my cutter started out. I had to walk my horse almost every step of the way, for it was almost impossible for me to see my hand before my face, while the snow was driven into my eyes, stinging them like needles, while it sifted up my sleeves, which ordinarily were impregnable to such inroads. It took me over an hour to cover a distance which under favorable circumstances occupied less than twenty minutes, and I felt that anything as a temporary respite from the fury of the storm would be welcome.

"I blanketed my horse in the lee of the house and then went up to the front door and rang the bell. I waited for a minute or two and it remained unanswered. Again I rang, and after waiting a reasonable time without any response I tried the door. It was unfastened and opened readily at my attempt. I went in. There was not a light in the place, and everything was as dark as Egypt. I noticed that musty aroma which always clings to and pervades an unoccupied house. I groped around in the darkness until I felt the wooden surface of a door in the hall, upon which I knocked loudly. Save for the answering echoes and the beating of the storm outside there was not a sound to be heard.

"I had managed to wander to the foot of the staircase, and from the position I occupied, happening to glance upstairs, I saw a feeble light coming from an open door at the head of the stairs. I immediately started to go up, and I could feel the dust under my hand on the banister. It would be almost impossible for me to describe the sensations I experienced at that time. There was something so gruesome and unnatural in it all. I was soon upstairs, and a few steps more I stood on the threshold of the open door. I shall never forget the scene which met my eyes.

"On the bed, with nothing but a sheet for a covering, lay the figure of a woman so emaciated by disease that she was a mere shadow of what might once have been her former self. A sharp, hacking cough, which racked her feeble frame, told me in an instant that she was in the last stages of consumption. Standing by the bed at her head stood the man whose wife she was. He had not removed his hat or coat and they were still covered with a mantle of snow—just as he was when he stood in the doorway of my house. The flickering light of a half-consumed candle was all the light and warmth there was, for I could see my breath as it came in contact with the chill of the room.

"I entered, but the man never spoke, nor did he even move, but stood like a carved image. I looked at the woman and I saw that it was but a matter of a few hours before she would be gone—past all human aid. I spoke to the man, but he never

uttered a word, simply nodding or shaking his head to such remarks of mine as admitted of an affirmative or negative reply, as the case might be. I saw that there was nothing that I could do, and I had no desire of remaining where I was. Before going, however, I drew my portfolio from my pocket and taking a card wrote R # 30,168 upon it, then handed it toward the man telling him it was a medicine which he could have put up at the village druggist, which would alleviate the woman's sufferings a little.

"He paid no attention whatever to me, but still remained motionless, with his arms folded across his breast. I laid the prescription upon the mantel telling him at the same time where I had placed it and then started out. I went down those stairs like a drunkard, each moment expecting to feel a cold hand close around my throat from behind. I groped my way to the door and got out into the open air and was soon on my way back home. Cold chills crept down my back and even in the inky blackness I would turn back to see if—well, I hardly know what I did expect.

"It was with a feeling of unutterable relief that I got into the house once more, but there was little or no sleep for me that night. My mind dwelt on the sight which I had seen, a sight which in itself was haunting, yet with its attending circumstances was more than I could put away from me.

"Morning broke crisp and clear and I determined to make my first call at my patients of the night before. The snow lay a foot deep on the ground and on all objects so that when I reached the house I found Jack Dowers (who was hired to keep the place up and had the keys) on the roof of the porch shoveling off the weight of snow. I called to him and asked him how the invalid was who was in the house. He looked surprised and asked me whom I meant. I explained to him, but he knew of no such thing for he had just come to the house half an hour before and had unlocked it to get in himself. His was the only existing key and he had found things locked when he came and opened up. I wondered if I had had a dream the night before,

but no, my wife had asked me about my night's experience that morning and spoke about the foreboding looking messenger.

"I got out of my sleigh and made a reconnoitre of the grounds about the house. There was not a track or foot-print in the snow to be seen save those made by myself the night before, which had become partially filled with drifted snow. I went into the house and upstairs to the room I had visited. Everything was just as I had left it.

"There was a damp spot on the carpet where the melted snow from my rubbers had soaked in where I had stood. I went over to the spot where the man had been, but all was as dry as a bone. I wondered whether or no I had really ever been there—if this were not some strange hypnotic influence which had had me in its power. Could not some such scene have been enacted here and by some strange, unfathomable influence my mind affected by it by coincidence? But that would involve my wife also. I could not make it out.

"Then I happened to remember the prescription. If I was really here that would tell me—but suppose the man had taken it—but I looked on the mantel and picked up a piece of paper on which was marked in my handwriting: R # 30168.

"That's all. You know as much about it as myself."

Franklin B. Morse.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

THE snow was falling silently but steadily, and occasional gusts of wind were strong enough to blow the flakes underneath the roof of the platform, almost to where the ticket-chopper sat on his high stool. There were not many people traveling on the "L" at two o'clock in the afternoon, but a little later the rush uptown would begin.

The ticket-chopper pulled his coat around him closer and turned up his collar, for it was a raw day in the middle of December, and the dampness penetrated his suit and made him shiver. From time to time he gave a hacking cough that made

the trained nurse, bound uptown to one of the great hospitals, look up sharply as she stood waiting for her train. "That man has no business to be out this sort of weather," she said to herself as she stepped on the train and was carried off.

But the man was not thinking of himself or the weather; he was greedily eyeing a book which lay on the newstand a few steps away. As a special favor, the boy in charge had let him examine it the day before, that is, when he had washed off the soot from his fingers. It was a volume of child's stories, well illustrated and prettily bound. The price marked on it was \$2. The man had figured out many times just what his various expenses for the month would amount to, and each time he would shake his head at the end of the computation, and with a cough say, "Well, it looks as though Mattie would have to go without the book." But nevertheless he returned to his calculations, which he made with a stubby pencil on a bit of newspaper.

It had been a hard year, and the doctor's bills for his little girl, Mattie, who was a cripple, had been heavy, and he himself had been ill the previous spring, and then just as soon as the first cool weather came, he had developed this trying cough and that queer pain in his chest which cut him like a knife sometimes. "I suppose I was foolish to pawn my overcoat," he said to himself, "but then that medicine for Mattie cost more than I thought it would, and what else was I to do?"

For the past ten years he had worked on just the same, scraping enough together to nourish his wife and daughter and half starving himself. Originally he had had a strong constitution but there was not much left of it now after his hard life. He could not have been over thirty-five, yet he looked at least fifty, he was so bowed and wan. It had never occurred to him that it was even plucky for him to struggle along denying himself almost the bare necessities of life.

He had promised his wife he would redeem his overcoat before the cold Christmas weather came, but he could not put the idea from his mind that he could just buy that book for Mattie if he let the overcoat still stay where it was. He thought it over for a long time; but finally he stepped over to the stand and handing the

boy a two-dollar bill, he watched the wrapping up of the book with feverish interest, and after placing it where it would not be spoiled by the snow, he returned to his place and was soon so busy receiving the tickets of the home-returning crowd and calling on the Harlem trains that he had no time for anything else. On his way home from Courtland street he decided he would save the book as a Christmas present.

It was Christmas night. In a clean but small and poorly-furnished room in one of the more respectable tenement-houses on the East Side sat a woman of about thirty. She had a worried, anxious look about her face, and the troubles of life had drawn deep lines on her brow. From time to time she glanced up from her sewing, and a loving mother-look lit up her eyes as they rested on the small figure seated beside her. It was that of a little girl who seemed scarcely eight years old at the first glance, when one only noticed her size and tiny hands and feet, but when one saw the old look in the deep-sunken eyes, or heard her plaintive voice with its tale of long hours of pain running through it like a minor chord, several years were instantly added to one's first estimate of her age. She was reading a book by the poor light of flickering gas. Her dark hair fell over her cheeks as she leaned eagerly forward to get the best light on her book, and her eyes shone brightly as she turned page after page. A flush rose and fell on her pale face as her interest increased. She heaved a quiet little sigh as her mother bade her stop reading for fear she should get too tired. She sat in her chair, as her mother moved about preparing supper, and gazed away through the window, and watched the fast-falling snow. "Oh, I wish papa could be a hero," she said, with another sigh, turning to the woman.

"Nonsense, Mattie," she answered, "you musn't read books like that if they put such silly ideas into your little head. I'm sure your father wouldn't have given you the book if he had known that you'd be star-gazin' and dreaming away, and makin'

such silly wishes. Why they don't have heroes nowadays, at least like the ones you mean, all knights and soldiers, who were forever gettin' into a fight and savin' some beautiful young lady from a miserly old uncle. That was in one of the stories, if I don't disremember."

"Yes," said Mattie, meekly, "but if he should, my, wouldn't we be proud of him!"

Just then a step was heard, and as the door opened a cheery, manly voice called out, "Well, how's the little family to-night?" He quickly stepped across the room, kissing the woman affectionately, and stopped by the side of the little girl. He bent over her and lovingly caressed her long dark locks as he repeated the question.

"Oh, we're getting along ever so nicely, papa," she answered with a bright smile. "My back hasn't hurt so very badly to-day, and I forgot all about it anyway in reading your book," and she looked at him gratefully.

"Come," said her mother, "supper is ready."

When they were through, the man took the little girl on his knee and she nestled up to him with a sigh of contentment. "Oh, papa," she suddenly said, "I wish you could be a hero." He laughed as he asked, "Why, what put that funny idea into your head, young woman?"

The mother interrupted, saying, "It's that book she's been readin'. I told her as we didn't have heroes nowadays." "Well, I should say not," added the man. "How would you like to see your daddy all dressed up in armor, and a long sword on, galloping around on a big black horse. I bet you wouldn't know me." Mattie smiled, and soon she fell asleep in his arms.

* * * * *

It was not light the next morning when the man left the room for his work, and Mattie was not awake; so he only kissed her gently and smiled as he thought, "Bless her little heart, she don't know how foolish her daddy would look as a hero, does she?"

W. D. C.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

SOFT are the clouds that veil the midnight moon—
 As silent slaves they veil their mistress' face,
 Or angels' wings, of fairest hue, that soon
 Shall flash her glories to a darkened race.

Calm is the night and peaceful is the hush
 That ushers in the hour, the crown of years,
 Long hastening in the ages' feverish rush
 To find in Gilead the balm for tears.

Oft through the weary years had prophets cried,
 "Is there no balm for Israel's sins and woes?
 O, must my people die?" In vain they cried—
 And still the sacrificial altar glows.

It glows, but not alone within the fane;
 Not only in Jerusalem's sacred shrine,
 For lo! while hoary priests have prayed in vain,
 Within a virgin's heart it flames divine!

In the warm radiance of its holy light
 Her eyes behold the glory of the Lord;
 Before the rapt and wondering Virgin's sight
 Is wrought, ineffable, the Incarnate Word!

O, Blessed Mary, lowly, meek and mild;
 O, sweetest flower of a prophet line,
 A wondrous power lies within thy Child
 To touch the human with the flame divine.

Wilbur M. Urban.

CASEY'S UNDERSTUDY.

"DON'T you think you've been looking in that mirror long enough, Dick? I'm afraid you are getting conceited—in fact, I am sure of it."

Mr. Richard Farnum turned quickly and caught the bright smile which lit up his sister's face as she stood framed in the doorway.

"To be honest," he replied laughingly, "I am particular about my appearance to-night. You see it's going to be a very

swell affair—at Sherry's—and anyway, these Christmas Eve dances only come once a year. I'm sorry, though," he added, changing his tone, "I'm sorry you won't go with me, Nell. You would have a good time, and there will be a lot of people there whom we know, and—"

"And *she* will be there," put in his sister with a merry sparkle in her eyes. "Now don't blush. It isn't pretty in a man. Besides, there's nothing to be ashamed of. But you *are* stunning, aren't you? I suppose you intend to cut everybody out, now that you can dance. Don't look surprised. I know all about it—you've been taking dancing lessons for three weeks from that nasty little Frenchman around on Sixth avenue, just for this occasion. You know you don't dare deny it."

"What makes you think that?" he asked, looking down at the floor.

"I don't think anything about it, I *know*. But I mustn't keep you waiting; it wouldn't do for you to be a minute late. By the way, Dick, that's a new overcoat, isn't it? And a new silk hat! Well, I declare—I do hope your tailor will have some of Job's patience when he sits down to wait for his money. Now go on; I won't tease you any more. I'm going to help mother stuff the youngster's stockings—it's such fun! I'm sure they'll be deathly sick to-morrow if they eat all the candy that's been sent to them. But then, it's Christmas, you know—Good-night, Dick."

"Good night," he replied as she followed him into the hall.

He stopped a moment in the vestibule outside, buttoning his coat closely about him. A keen, biting wind was whistling around the corners of the houses, beating against the window-panes, swaying the leafless branches of the trees in the park opposite, and a suspicion of snow was in the air. Farnum slowly descended the steps which were covered with a thin layer of ice, steadying himself with one hand on the railing. At the bottom he almost stumbled over a mite of a messenger boy who was standing in front of the house looking aimlessly about for the number.

"Say, boss," he drawled, "is this here number 842?"

"Yes; why? Oh, it's a note, is it?" he said, glancing at the address. "And for me. No answer, you say?"

"Naw. But say, boss, gimme a light, will yer? All me matches is gone."

Farnum smiled at the bit of humanity before him, with the stump of a very bad cigar tightly clutched between his teeth, and managed to find a match for him. With a muttered "tanks," the boy leisurely turned away and went off down the street.

Farnum looked again at the letter and stepped over to the lamp-post and tore open the envelope. It was a short note and ran as follows:

THE PHOENIX CLUB,

NEW YORK, Dec. 24th, 189—.

My dear Dick—You will settle the bet to-night. Casey has been informed of our plan. He is waiting for you *now*. Hard luck, old man!

Very truly yours,

HENRY M. SIMONDS.

The word "now" was heavily underscored; so there was no doubt about it—not the slightest. He was to settle the matter at once, and there was no way out of it. He read the note several times, and the expression on his face changed from one of surprise to unutterable rage. Then he tore the letter to shreds and strode off down the avenue with an air of grim determination.

"Of course it's a huge joke—immensely funny," he was muttering to himself; "but why in the name of common sense did Harry choose *to-night*? Think of doing that kind of thing on on Christmas Eve! Of course it doesn't make a bit of difference to *him* whether I have another engagement or not. Suppose I refuse to do it? Why, then, he'll tell all the other fellows at the club, and—Oh, great Scott, this is *awful*!"

He quickened his pace a little, for it was growing rapidly colder, and after several minutes' walk he turned down a side street and stopped before a very respectable though modest looking building with THE PHOENIX CLUB inscribed in gilt letters upon the glass door. Just then the door opened and a large red-

headed Irishman came out wearing a battered silk hat of a style long since forgotten and a faded green livery resplendent with enormous brass buttons.

"An' it's there yez are at last, Misther Farnum? Ye're just the man Oi'm lookin' fur,"

"All right, Casey; we'll go inside."

The door of the club closed behind them, and the only sound which broke the stillness of the street was the impatient pawing of a dejected-looking horse hitched to a cab in front of the club. Several minutes passed, and at length the door opened and the two men re-appeared.

"I tell you it doesn't fit at all," Farnum was saying. "The hat is fully two sizes too big."

"We'll shtuff it wid paper," suggested Casey.

"Yes; but look at the overcoat. Dou you suppose I can wear that? Besides, the stable odor about it is something terrific. Do coachmen's overcoats *always* smell like that, Casey?"

"They do that, sor. But you'll not moind it after a bit, Oi'm thinkin'," and Casey burst into a roar of laughter which awoke the echoes of the quiet street and made the sleepy cab-horse prick up his ears attentively.

"Shut up, Casey! This is a serious matter—a very serious matter. And not a word about it to anyone, you will please remember. Consider the clam and his ways, my friend—that's what I gave you the five-dollar bill for." And with a grin of ferocious resignation, young Farnum climbed upon the driver's box, wrapped the horse blanket around his legs and grasped the reins with the determined air of a man who had been a cab driver all his life—of a man, for instance, like Casey, who had gradually progressed from the lowly station of a ferry-slip maniac to the dignity of special *attaché* to the Phoenix Club.

"Say, Casey," called out Farnum from his lofty position, "You haven't told me where to go. Didn't Mr. Simonds leave any address?"

"Yis, sir. There's a bit of paper in the pocket of me coat. Ye'll find it—yis, sor; th' right-hand side, it is."

Farnum fumbled about in the pockets and at last produced a slip of paper. It was too dark to make out the writing, so he gave it to Casey and told him to go over to the lamp-post and read it.

"It's this same street, sor," said Casey. "Number fifty-four."

"*What!*" shouted Farnum; "are you sure? Read it again."

Casey returned to the lamp-post and studiously perused the slip of paper a second time.

"That's right, sor. Number fifty-four."

"Great Scott! This is frightful. Look here, Casey—but I suppose it's all right," he concluded gloomily. With this parting salute he gathered up the reins, unmercifully slashed the patient horse with the whip, and rattled down the street, leaving the jovial Casey howling with laughter in front of the Phoenix Club.

"What an ass! What an unmitigated ass!" grumbled Farnum to himself as the cab jolted along over the stones. "If I were in college now no doubt this would be a huge lark; but for a staid alumnus of three years' standing, it's a little too much of a good thing. As for the bet itself, our team had *every* chance of winning on Thanksgiving day—odds four to one, too—but somehow they didn't win, and here I am. Of course *I* don't mind driving a cab in the least—oh, no! But imagine Harry Simonds in this *fix*—and he would have been if our team had only won the game. Whoa! whoa! That *was* a narrow escape," he gasped, looking back at a man who was wildly gesticulating on the corner of the street. "He's shaking his fist yet—looks as if he were very mad. Just the same I'm glad I didn't run him down."

At length the cab drew up in front of No. 54, and Farnum saw the parlor curtain drawn aside for a moment and a woman's face peer out into the darkness. "I guess I'm late," he said to himself as he drew the lap-robe more closely around him. "She's getting impatient, I see. Blames the stupid coachman, no doubt. I suppose she's quite stunning to-night—seeing it's the Christmas Eve dance at Sherry's. I told her I would be there; and so I will—sitting in a stable around the corner until

nearly daybreak. I expect it will be intensely interesting. I think I'll swear off betting on New Year's day—"

Just then the door of No. 54 opened, and a young woman came out, followed by a man carrying a bundle.

"You have everything?" asked the woman.

"Yes."

They descended the steps, and in the light of the gas lamp Farnum recognized the man as her brother, Dr. Raymond. He placed the bundle in the cab after his sister had seated herself, and then turned to Farnum.

"We've a long ways to go to-night, driver," he said. "That horse of yours looks rather shaky. Is he good for anything?"

"Yes; oh yes, sir," Farnum assured him with emphasis. "He's a magnificent horse—one of the best in the city." He flattered himself that he was learning to lie superbly.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said the doctor, with a smile. "However, I want you to drive as fast as you can to the corner of Rivington street and the Bowery. Understand?"

"What!" exclaimed Farnum. "*Rivington* street?"

"Yes; *Rivington* street. What's the matter with that?"

"Nothing—nothing. Only it's pretty far, isn't it—on a night like this?"

"May I ask what business it is of yours where we are going?"

To this cutting sarcasm Farnum ventured no reply. A moment later the door of the cab slammed loudly, and in a short time they were rolling smoothly over the asphalt down Madison avenue.

This business was getting decidedly unpleasant, Farnum thought; and yet there was an element of the ridiculous in it, too. He almost laughed outright to think of it. What in the world possessed these two eminently respectable people to go to such a disreputable place on this night of all nights? *Rivington* street and the Bowery! *He* had never been there in his life—never had had the slightest desire to go, either. Of course he knew where the Bowery was; but *Rivington* street—where was that?

He was passing the Garden Theatre now, and his train of thought was interrupted for a moment as he carefully and somewhat clumsily picked his way through the groups of men in evening dress who were crowding into the bar-room on the opposite corner, for it was between the acts. He recognized Harry Simonds among them and he turned his head the other way. He did not wish to be seen just then.

When he reached Twenty-third street he turned east and went over to Third avenue, and then turned south again under the elevated tracks. He had a long ride ahead of him, and he whipped up the dejected horse; but there was no perceptible increase in the dejected horse's speed. In his youth he had drawn a hearse.

There are some people over on Third avenue who celebrate Christmas, and the streets were thronged that night with late shoppers, and the pawn-shops and saloons were doing a thriving business even for them. It was cold, too, and growing colder every minute. Even the palest faces were set in a glow, and on one of the corners a group of ragged boys were warming their hands over a small bonfire. They appeared to be enjoying it immensely. Farnum smiled at them and tried to look happy; but he was not happy.

The saloons and pawn-shops increased in number, and there were fewer well-dressed people on the streets and a great deal more noise. They were getting down town now. Rivington street seemed a great ways off, and Farnum thought he must have passed it long ago, although he had closely scrutinized every lamp-post in search of the name. At last, after an apparently interminable length of time, the cab came to a standstill on the corner.

"All right, driver," called Dr. Raymond from within the cab. "Just go slowly down here until I tell you to stop; I've forgotten the number of the place we are looking for."

Farnum whipped up the tired horse and proceeded slowly along the street. He had driven but a few squares when Dr. Raymond again called out to him, and the cab drew up before what was probably the most disreputable looking tenement on

the block. The street was pitch dark, and here and there in the dim distance a feeble light glimmered uncertainly in the wind. Occasionally there were hoarse shouts of laughter and now and then a woman's scream ; but for these sounds there was comparative silence, broken at more or less regular intervals by the rattle of the elevated trains down the street. There was a particularly gloomy air about the neighborhood which made Farnum feel vaguely uncomfortable. Dr. Raymond alighted from the cab followed by his sister, and, taking the bundle they had brought with them, they disappeared into the open doorway of the tenement.

Farnum gazed after them in mute astonishment. They evidently expected him to wait for them, though he had not the faintest idea as to how long that would be. From time to time he glanced furtively about him, as if expecting an onslaught of some kind, and ended in quietly whistling a popular air because he imagined it gave him company. The muffled sounds which were occasionally wafted to his ears were by no means reassuring ; but he flattered himself that he was not afraid. At the same time he had visions of the dance at Sherry's, where he had expected to be at that moment, and he half wished that he had deliberately refused to settle this ridiculous bet, even at the expense of being made fun of. The whole business was an absurd affair anyway. What a fool he had made of himself. What would she think of him when she found it out ? But she would not find it out, he said to himself ; and he pulled Casey's hat still further down over his ears and turned the faded collar of Casey's coat still higher up, and concluded that there was small chance of her recognizing him even if she should come down unexpectedly. But she did not come unexpectedly, and he waited a long time, a very long time he thought, while the thermometer went steadily down and flurries of snow began to fill the air and settle in a thin slippery sheet along the sidewalks.

"And you think there is no hope for her?" It was Miss Raymond's voice. They had come out of the house and were talking in a low tone before the door, but not too low for Farnum

to hear. He noticed that they had left the large bundle in the house.

"No, there is no hope," said Dr. Raymond, in answer to her question. "And it's too bad. She's a good woman, and that brute of a husband of hers is bound to go to the dogs when she dies. They'll have a pretty gloomy Christmas, I'm thinking—all except the little fellows, and they don't know how much they're losing. They only think of the Christmas dinner and the odds and ends of toys you bought them, and—"

"You say the husband won't reform?"

"No. That kind of a man never does. He can't. He doesn't know how. Why, he's half drunk up there now—and if there's a time in his life when he ought to be sober it's at this very moment. Did you see the expression of his face when I was giving his wife the medicine? It was positively devilish. He thought I was killing her. And then—"

He did not finish the sentence. A heavy blow from behind stunned him completely and he sank helplessly to the ground. From his seat on the cab, Farnum had seen the whole thing, although it had all been done so quickly that he hardly knew what had happened. A moment later the dark figure of a man reeled out of the doorway, shaking his fists and swearing at the top of his lungs in a drunken frenzy. He stood over Dr. Raymond's prostrate form, swaying from side to side, his eyes glaring fiercely even in the darkness. Farnum had leaped from the driver's box as soon as he realized what had taken place. He was not a powerful fellow, but he was thoroughly enraged at what he saw. In a few steps he reached the ruffian's side and seizing him firmly hurled him headlong down the short flight of steps, where he lay stretched at full length across the sidewalk.

"I think we had better get out of this, Fred," said Farnum hastily, his voice quivering with excitement. He was aware the next moment that he had made a slip of the tongue, and he turned his head away so that the doctor would not recognize him. But the doctor had evidently not noticed it, for he began to mechanically follow his sister to the cab. Farnum saw them

safely inside—it was but the work of a few seconds—and then started to climb to the box again.

"See here—driver." It was Miss Raymond who was speaking now. It was the first time she had spoken since the accident occurred. Farnum turned quickly. "Please take us home as fast as you can—*driver*." She gave him a curious, half-startled glance, and he wondered whether she had recognized him. "Hurry, please," she repeated; for Farnum was still standing irresolutely beside the door. He hastily climbed up to his seat, grasped the reins and in a short time the cab was jolting rapidly along the slippery street.

It was a long ride up-town—longer even than the ride down, Farnum thought. He left his two "fares" at their home, and returned to the Phoenix Club, where he found Casey waiting for him in a state of blissful contentment. Casey had a few bits of small change in his pockets instead of the original five-dollar bill; but he had kept as silent as a clam all the time. "It was worth the price," he said; although to his uncultured Celtic mind the whole affair seemed an utter farce. Perhaps it was.

* * * * *

"You were saying—" Farnum began.

"I was about to ask you," said Miss Raymond, "whether you knew Mr. Terrence Casey?" She glanced sharply at him as she spoke.

"Yes," replied Farnum, wondering what was coming next. "Yes," he repeated slowly; "I've met the gentleman several times. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only—only he was around here this afternoon a little while before you called. It's a matter of no consequence," she concluded lightly.

"Did he tell you anything—that is, I mean," he said, checking himself, "why did he come?"

"My brother sent for him. But Casey says he isn't the man."

"Isn't what man?" he asked uneasily.

She looked up at him curiously for a moment. "Don't you know?" she inquired. "Haven't you heard of our adventure

last night? I call it an adventure," she added by way of explanation; "but I think it was more like an ordinary free fight."

"Why—of course I—I mean nobody has *said* anything to me about it. What happened?"

She told him the whole story from the beginning. Her brother, she said, had sent a note to Casey at the Phoenix Club that morning asking him to come to their house. Casey had not the faintest glimmering conception of what they were talking when they profusely thanked him for his bravery, but he willingly accepted, without any compunctions of conscience, the substantial dinner which Dr. Raymond provided for him. At last an idea seemed to dawn upon him (a thing which occasionally happened), and his curiosity getting the better of him, he admitted that he was not the man after all—admitted, in fact, that he had not only driven no one to Rivington street the night before, but that it was a great many years since he, as a respectable citizen, had set foot in that questionable locality.

"So you see," concluded Miss Raymond, "that your friend Mr. Casey is by no means the hero we thought he was."

"Did he give you the other man's name?" Farnum cautiously asked. He was determined to pursue the question to the bitter end now.

"Yes, he did. He said he drove the cab on a bet."

"Well—who was it?"

"He *said* it was Harry Simonds. Would you believe it?"

Farnum shook his head and heaved a sigh of relief. "No; I don't—I mean I would not have believed it," he said. "Casey's a brick," he muttered to himself. "He lied—deliberately *lied* for five dollars!"

"Well?" he said aloud after a long pause. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing. But *you* are."

"I?"

"Yes, you. You know Harry Simonds pretty well, don't you? Well, you tell him very plainly that I have my private opinion of a man who would drive a cab on a bet. Why, it's

absurd. It's childish. He ought to have had more sense—don't you think he ought?"

"Yes," answered Farnum. He was feeling very uncomfortable. He didn't dare to look up. "Yes," he repeated, mechanically, "he ought to have had more sense. He hasn't much, anyway—do you think he has?"

"That's true," she replied. A moment later a softer look came into her eyes. "You might also tell Harry for me," she added, looking straight into his face, "that I'm proud of him for the way he acted with that ruffian; I believe he saved our lives. It was very brave in him—don't you think so?"

"Yes," he assented, hesitatingly. "I think it was very brave."

"But perhaps it might spoil him if you told him that," she added, quickly; "it might make him conceited—do you think it would?" She paused. "Must you go so soon?" she asked, regretfully; for Farnum had risen.

"Yes, I think it's high time," he replied, shortly.

She followed him into the hall as he was putting on his coat, and stood by the door with her hand on the latch. As he turned their eyes met for an instant.

"Harry was luckier than he deserved to have such a chance," he said, slowly, drawing on his gloves.

"Well," she said, "perhaps he was; but, Dick, don't you think it would have been better if your friend, Mr. Casey, had spoken the truth when we asked him who drove his cab last night?"

Apparently Farnum thought so too, for when a moment later the door closed, he was still inside.

"All of which goes to prove," he has since been heard to say, "that sometimes it pays to bet on the losing team."

Andrew Clerk Imbrie.

TO AN ALCHEMIST.

(1800)

NO GAUDY trifle do I bring
To have thee turn to gold,
But that far dearer, priceless thing
Of which the poets told.
The love for her within my heart
Seems purest gold to me,
Yet much I fear lest still a part
Of baser metal be.
Do thou this treasure then, unfold,
And search with utmost care,
If there be dross amidst the gold
Which I have hidden there.
And if thou findest aught to make
The least impurity—
Turn it to gold, for love's own sake,
By subtlest alchemy.

D. M. F.

THE ROMANCE OF A WINDOW-SEAT.

DINNER at the club was just over, and "Ag" Channing, after two unsuccessful efforts to bribe the waiter into scraping him up a third dish of parti-colored ice cream from the regions below, had resignedly settled back with his chair to the wall and his knees against the table. Four of his gregarious friends were ranged about him in similar attitudes, their veins filled with the gentle stimulus of the after-dinner coffee, while from each pair of lips floated a fragrant cloud of smoke that permeated the room and obscured the pictures of the graduates and alumni that looked down from the stuccoed walls. The deep peace and calm of the evening cigar had come upon each soul—deeper and more peaceful from the fact that each cigar was paid for through the constrained munificence of one of their number who had received an election to a class office the day before.

The waiter had turned out the lights at the other end of the room, and the dim glare of the remaining chandelier was

softened and mellowed by the tobacco smoke that filled the room.

Outside in the hall, Jack Wrightington had been making a few unappreciated efforts to bring "Princess Bonnie" airs out of the piano with one finger, and having been repeatedly admonished to "cork it," had at last gracefully accepted the advice, and having fired a vague, "Anyone going up?" in the direction of the dining-room, had slammed the storm-door in token of departure. The group around the table having adjusted their several equilibriums delicately on the two hind legs of their chairs, were amiably endeavoring to look melancholy as Jack Hattins told the latest and most effective "good one he'd heard."

It was just a day or two before the college was to break up for the Christmas vacation, and it may have been the eager, impatient atmosphere of anticipation that always pervades a college in the few days before the holidays that led Mather to bring up the subject of embarrassing situations in society. Holidays—society—girls—embarrassment formed a logical chain with the bashful and retiring Mather, who year after year threatened to spend his holidays on a cattle-ship bound for the Bermudas, but was deterred by the suggestion that the cook on board might be a woman. However, he soon had reason to be sorry that he had introduced the subject.

"Do you remember the day of the 'Prom.' last year, Math?" suddenly broke in Doc. Covington, with an evil chuckle at the recollection.

"Shut up, Doc. You promised not to give that away."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the torturer blandly, "I think your large circle of acquaintances ought to have the details of that affair. I had almost forgotten it, but with your kind attention, gentlemen—"

"No you don't! I guess not! If that tale has to become public, I'll put it on the market myself without any of *your* artistic embellishments."

"Very well, my son; but I'll see that you tell it correctly, and it won't need much embellishment." And again a wicked chuckle gurgled gently up from Covington's œsophagus.

"It was as Doc says the day of last year's 'Prom.' That brazen room-mate of mine over there," pointing to Channing, "had, with his usual assurance, informed me on the day before that he was expecting a party down and proceeded to make use of my valuable taste in arranging the bric-à-brac and furniture that he had collected from every room in the entry. When we had expurgated the greater part of the mural decorations, and had scattered a latin lexicon and various other legitimate accessories of a liberal education conspicuously about the room, he coolly informed me that if the day were rainy he would expect the convoy to spend most of its time in our room."

"Yes, and I promised to give you my sister's red-haired boarding-school chum to entertain," put in Channing, with a reminiscent grin.

"I've no doubt you *did*, you unselfish child; but I was looking forward to enough agony in the evening without spending the day in struggling through bashful conversational efforts—painful to all concerned."

"Go on, go on," commanded Covington, relentlessly; "if you make your proem too long I'll tell the story myself."

"I am quite equal to the task, my friend. As I was saying, my *own* sister had dragged a promise from me to bring her down, and she was to get in on the 7:20 in time to dress for the concert.

"Now as evil chance would have it, this Lothario Covington had a party in tow for that day himself. He had taken them around to see the sights and paint the college in a feminine way, and then wound up here at the club."

"To see the most remarkably unique sight of all," added Doc, joyfully.

Mather paused.

"Well, I don't see where the joke on you comes in," said Dick Wilton; "nothing but another strain on your fool bashfulness, was it?"

Doc hugged himself joyfully.

"Hm m! Well, yes; it was something of a strain on my retiring disposition when I first met Covington's friends, but I'll

come to that in a moment. I had considered and pondered deeply on the agony I was to undergo that night, and had gravely determined that the least I could do beforehand to ameliorate my sufferings would be to spend the afternoon in repose, so that I might perchance be able to keep awake later in the day. Having been exiled from my lawful territory in East Middle, I conceived the bright idea of bringing my pajamas down and establishing a squatter sovereignty at the club. To spend the afternoon asleep on one of the divans."

"Vanity of vanities! You wanted to show your figure!" put in Channing.

"No, my flippant young friend, the vulgar herd must content itself with my radiant facial symmetry. However, don't interrupt. After lunch when the fellows had all gone, I went up stairs and quietly prepared for a good, long snooze. When I had donned my pajamas——"

"Nice gaudy ones, too, all the primary colors," put in Doc, as he went through a contortion expressive of great joy at the recollection.

"I hung my clothes neatly up in the closet in the pool-room, pulled down one of those loose hung curtains up there and spread it over myself as a comforter and had composed myself to enjoy the sleep of the just. I had probably slept an hour or so when suddenly I was awakened by the slam of the door in the hall below and forthwith my blood was verily turned to ice by the sound of feminine voices in the hall below and footsteps on the stair. With one desperate glance I swept the room and dived for the only place of refuge in sight. It happened to be that hole under the window-seat up there, that place with the little spring door to it, you know. This door was propped open at the time I heard the signal and promptly took my opening. I couldn't have gotten into it if I had had my clothes on.

"As it was, I just managed to squeeze in and close the door before the enemy was upon me. It was a particularly enthusiastic and gurglish enemy. They examined everything thoroughly and at last insisted on playing a string of pool.

When I heard this decision I mentally gave up the ghost. I was cramped up in there with a very restricted supply of air to do business with, such supply as there was being badly diluted with dust. The pool balls clicked merrily between gurgles outside, and it began to dawn on me that my beseigers had the whole afternoon at their service and were slowly running hundred-ball strings, to put in the time. At last I saw that something desperate had to be done or my sister might get in town without my being down to meet her.

"The horizontal parallax between the pool-room door and my retreat was such that I could not attract Doe's attention. So I crawled cautiously out and streaked down stairs."

"I should say you did!" roared Covington at the recollection. "A wild prismatic streak!"

"Well, the worst of it was that at the Prom. in the evening that jackass there insisted on introducing me to the girls when he had me in a corner, told them we ought to be well acquainted, as we had *met before*!"

When the laugh that went up at the conclusion of the story had died away, Dick Wilkton remarked that it was an adventure worthy of being handed down to posterity.

"Adventure!" said Jack Hattins, critically. "I don't call that an adventure. You shouldn't toy with terms, my boy; you display your ignorance of the romantic school. That was nothing but an embarrassment."

"There's no doubt on that point," said Mather, ruefully. "But what do you call an adventure if that is'nt?"

"My innocent child, we don't have adventures in college now-a-days. Not the old-fashioned adventures, with mystery and pathos, and self-sacrifice galore. There are no more rooms shunned on account of deaths that have occurred in them. No white sleep-walking figures on the campus. Not even cannons stolen out of the ground nor mysterious barn-burnings."

"Old Prosaic!" grunted Wilkton, "there's plenty of romance floating around if you could only lift your sordid soul from the quagmire of materialism and take it in."

"Been polling aesthetics, rash youth? Well, now let me say that that goes all very well in the course and when you're writing your required thesis. But when it comes to plain matter-of-fact college life, the wild sphere of romance and adventure never gets much farther than Mather's cubby-hole episode."

"Yes," put in Covington, "you'll have to find your romance in sparrow be-ridden ivy and your adventure in an occasional collision with some measley town mucker."

"I don't believe it," answered Wilkton, hotly. "I believe that romance and pathos, even adventures, are threaded in with the fabric of this every-day college life of ours. The fact is, though, that your minds are so absorbed with written recitations and foot-ball that——"

"Oh shake it! We all read the daily papers," sighed Mather. "They're neither of them occupying our minds much now-a-days." And then the conversation drifted to other topics.

Doc. started the movement to adjourn by announcing that he "guessed he'd 'weeze' up to his room," and the evening conclave broke up.

It was well along in the evening now and fitful gusts of wind shook the house and brought some of the night fog in with them through the cracks under the windows. Outside, the dim glow of the incandescent lights in the village could be seen through the fog. And as momentary rifts were blown in the mists, the meadows beyond the road could be seen to glisten with the reflected light.

Channing and Mather and the others thought they'd join Covington in a few minutes. Dick Wilkton said he wanted to finish Doyle's latest in Harper's before he went up, so the others left him to his researches in detective lore, propped up by pillows in the library above.

The waiter came in and turned out the last gas-jet, and cursed them all under his breath for staying so late when he wanted to go out. Then he, too, left and the house was deserted by all save Dick.

The theory of observation and logical deduction did not prove as absorbing as he had expected, so he soon found himself dozing with periodical jerky awakenings between sentences

Suddenly he straightened up, his eyes wide open. He had that peculiar wide-awakeness that comes with the knowledge that someone else is in the room. Not that anyone else was visible, but every twitching, tingling nerve and every icy vein told him that he was not alone. Outside, the wind seemed to bring its pitch into a little higher and more melancholy key, as though to form a background for his feelings. Then his hair became absolutely and unquestionably rigid, as he thought he saw the cubby-hole door Mather had spoken of, cautiously open until a thin streak of black was disclosed, then slowly and noiselessly close again. It was done so carefully and quietly that Dick tried to convince himself that he had been mistaken.

He sat perfectly still, while the beads of perspiration asserted themselves on his brow in the most approved style.

There was a moment of absolute silence, and then his blood congealed once more and his breath stopped as the door-hinge gave forth a tiny creak and the narrow black slit appeared once more.

Then the instinct of self-defence came to his rescue, and in a moment he found himself perfectly calm and collected. He reflected rapidly, that behind that streak was probably a pair of eyes and a loaded revolver. He considered also that any movement of a suspicious nature on his part might lead to a corresponding action on the part of the owner of the eyes and the revolver. So he sat perfectly still and yawned twice very naturally. Then he got up and walked to the stairs and strolled down them with admirable nonchalance. When he reached the lower floor he restrained his first impulse, which was a very unworthy one, and had something to do with the front door and the quarter mile or so of road up to the campus, which he felt strongly convinced he might now cover in fifty seconds. Instead of this, he walked over to the fire-place and reached up and quietly took down a fencing foil that hung crossed with its mate over the mask and gloves. It was a long, finely-tempered steel, but its important peculiarity was that there was no button on its end. It had been knocked off by accident a year or two before, as Dick knew, and the keen point it left would have

satisfied the most fastidious requirements of the code. It was a poor match for a revolver, Dick reflected, but it was to be backed up by a powerful weapon—strategy.

It must be said that now that he had recovered, to some extent, his composure, he rather exulted at the prospect. Like a flash there passed through his mind the idea of an exciting encounter, a complete and gallant victory on his part, the capture of the marauder, and then—. He remembered distantly the story of one Van Bibber, who had had a similar adventure, and who had terminated it with a pretty and pathetic reformation of the criminal. He determined instantly to do likewise. The unromantic Hattins should hear how, right in the midst of this humdrum college life, he had captured a real burglar, accomplished his reformation, and sent him on his way to the West rejoicing. And so near to Christmas, too. He would make a beautiful and appropriate gift of liberty and sympathetic encouragement to the misguided unfortunate. Hattins, he reflected, should be utterly cast down. A Christmas gift of liberty and new life. Nothing could be more romantically appropriate.

Quickly removing his shoes he stole noiselessly back upstairs, pausing first to be sure that the fatal door was closed. With three stealthy strides he gained the window seat and presented the point of the foil ready for any premature attempts at egress from the hole below. He mentally braced himself for the coming struggle.

"Now my friend," he said loudly and distinctly, but with a very perceptible trace of the dramatic in it, "I am going to fire a 42-calibre ball into that hole with this pistol. I'll give you ten seconds to get out before I do it."

There was no answer from the recesses below.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

"Four!"

He had no idea what he should do when he reached "ten," but—

"Five!"

"Six!"

There was a sudden, violent movement under the seat, and with a final and successful effort, Jack Wrightington's bull terrier "Touchdown" succeeded in overcoming the pressure of the door's spring, pushed out into the room and stood there looking innocently up into Dick's face and wagging his tail by way of friendly greeting.

TWO SOLILOQUIES.

BY JOVE! I must hurry up if I want to see the kick-off. Where did I put those gloves? Oh, here they are. Poole did pretty well by me in this last lot of coats, and it's too bad to have to cover up a fit like that with a big overcoat, but on a cold day what else can a man do? Well, I don't know; even without that fit I won't be taken for a hayseed.

I hope that idiot Carroll won't hang around Miss Verplanck to day. I should think he would see how offensive he is to her. Let me see; I won't need an umbrella; there isn't a cloud in the sky, though its cold enough, by George!

Whew! She ought to look well to-day, for this weather will bring the color even to her pale and aristocratic face, and then she's always well dressed. Better take Lumbar street car, I guess.

She *would* make a stunning looking wife to sit at the head of the table. In fact I am thinking we would both make quite a swagger pair. I wonder how much the old man would settle on her; however, for that matter, I've enough to keep us from starving, though I might have to give up that new bay team Harris wanted me to buy. Ten thousand is more than I can spare just now for a pair of horses.

Gad! I wish I were playing to-day instead of watching, for I would be warm enough then. I wonder who is going to win.

Harvard ought to be in poor condition after the Springfield game, but the University will have to work all right.

What's that? The way to the Schuylkill? Straight ahead of you.

Poor woman, she looked half frozen. I bet she hasn't had much Thanksgiving dinner.

Ah! how do you do; very fortunate for me, Miss Verplanck. How are you betting to day? Let me suggest that you wager that Harvard rose you are wearing against a few pounds of Huyler's. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Verplanck. Yes, the game begins at two. We must hurry if we are to get there on time. How lucky for me to meet you this way, for here comes our car.

I might as well end it. It's no use struggling on any longer, for I'm cold and hungry—nothing to eat to-day—and I don't believe I was made to live anyway. Just a few seconds and it will all be over—I won't have to wander along the streets much longer. The Lord knows I've tried hard enough to earn a living, but what's a woman like me to do? They called me a disgrace to society at the last place I tried to get work, and all because I couldn't show a bit of gold round my finger.

I had better do it now before another poor mortal comes into the world to be miserable, all because a foolish girl believed a man could keep his word.

Well, as soon as I reach the river I'll be only a little way from the place where the old man told me to go to when he heard I had run off with Will.

I wonder if Will 'll hear about it. I suppose he's eating a Thanksgiving dinner now, for I'm told they feed 'em pretty well in the State's prison.

Ugh! It's cold for me in this dress that wouldn't be thick for a Spring day, and I can feel the pavement through the holes in my shoes every step. And as for this shawl, what's left of it isn't much good—it's all holes. Still it'll be a mighty cold grave I'm going to now. I wonder how I'll look when they find

me. But if I'm going to do it I might as well hurry up instead of hanging around the streets and freezing to death. I wonder which way I ought to go. I'll ask this swell walking along with the red ribband on his cane.

Straight ahead, sir? Thank you. When I get to the river I'll walk along and try to find a nice, quiet place, so that no one will have a chance to find me out before it's over.

W. D. C.

Dr. James McCosh,

Died

NOVEMBER 16TH, 1894.

HALL OF THE AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY.

Princeton, N. J., November 17th, 1894.

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has removed from our midst, JAMES McCOSH; and

WHEREAS, We do deeply mourn the loss of one whose memory will ever be an honor to the Society of which he was so beloved and esteemed a member; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the American Whig Society extends to the bereaved family its heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That as a tribute to his memory, the Hall be draped for thirty (30) days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and be inserted in the *Daily* and *Alumni Princetonian* and in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

SEWARD ERDMAN, '97,
PHILIP H. CHURCHMAN, '96,
ROBERT E. ROSS, '95,
JOHN W. GARRET, '95,
THEODORE S. HUNTINGTON, '95,
Chairman.

HALL OF THE CLIOSOPHIC SOCIETY.

Princeton, N. J., November 19th, 1894.

WHEREAS, An all-wise Providence has removed DR. JAMES McCOSH, whose interest in the two literary societies of Princeton was ever active; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Cliosophic Society expresses its sorrow at the death of one who, although not a member, did so much to preserve its existence at a time when its future was threatened; and be it further

Resolved, That our sympathy be extended to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the *Daily* and *Alumni Princetonian*, and in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

T. A. McALPIN, JR., '97,
J. J. MOMENT, '96,
A. L. P. DENNIS, '96,
C. B. CONDIT, '95,
W. H. BUTLER, '95,
S. R. McCORMICK, '95,
Chairman.

EDITORIAL.

DR. McCOSH.

NO ONE who was in Princeton on the night of November 16th, will ever forget his sensations as the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by the sound of the first tap of the bell in Old North, as it slowly tolled in honor of the illustrious dead.

To the undergraduate it meant that the man who had made Princeton what it is to-day, and whose name and fame were world wide, had passed away.

To the professors and alumni, who had been his pupils, it meant that the "dear old man" had gone, to whom thousands of his students owe the inspiration for lives of usefulness and honor, and to whose quiet, peaceful home here in Princeton, middle-aged men, still his boys, were returning to show that time had but deepened the loving veneration which began, when as college boys they sat under him and met him in daily association.

So much has been written of Dr. McCosh's life and the circumstances of his coming to America, that it would be well nigh useless to attempt to write anything new. The daily papers have been filled with accounts of Dr. McCosh as he appeared before the world, both as Author and President of the College. But it has seemed to us that it may not be amiss to say a few words of the Doctor as he appeared in his every-day life among the students, in the class-room or on the campus, as he lived from day to day, an example of stern devotion and duty, but with a heart overflowing with love and kindness to all.

When Dr. McCosh came to Princeton, he found a state of things in existence which would have daunted a less fearless man.

What wonder is it that his impulsive, impetuous nature found much that was annoying and irritating in the extreme. Filled

with the high ideals and hopes, which he had conceived for the future of his new work, it was but natural that he should feel that if any lasting structure were to be raised, the foundation must be made secure and firm, and that to do this, much of the existing state of things must be done away with, or at least radically changed.

At the time his methods may have seemed somewhat harsh and intolerant, and it may have been hard for those whose advice he seemed to disregard. But looking back now, it is seen that a less determined or more temporizing policy would have failed to accomplish what Dr. McCosh was enabled to bring about.

And yet there can be little doubt that this opposition was a source of great pain to Dr. McCosh. For it was years before this feeling wore away, and it was only as those about him came to realize the work which he was doing, and the kind heart and sympathy which were sometimes hidden by his stern sense of justice, that they learned to love and reverence him.

But Dr. McCosh, as the teacher, is the figure that first attracts our attention.

Those who have been under him, bear unanimous witness to his enthusiasm for his subject and the power of awakening interest in his students, which was one of his most prominent characteristics. Some of his old pupils perhaps smile as they recall scenes of his class-room, when some inadvertence of the Doctor's led to disorder among the class. And yet such disorder was never actuated by a desire to annoy the Doctor, and perhaps no one, better than he himself appreciated the ludicrous side of many of the class-room incidents.

It is the strongest testimony to Dr. McCosh's greatness as a teacher that notwithstanding such freedom among his students he never failed to make a difficult subject clear, or allowed a point to pass without being fully comprehended by his pupils.

The Doctor could tolerate nothing which savored of needless stupidity, and nothing roused his anger more than an exhibition of carelessness. But once convinced that a man was in real difficulty, no trouble was too great to help him out of his embarrassment. His intense enthusiasm for his own department lasted

up to the time of his death, and its growth and usefulness were ever interests very near his heart.

But Dr. McCosh, as he appeared on the campus among the students is, after all, the picture that his "boys" like to remember best.

As President and disciplinarian he sometimes incurred the opposition and hostility of the students, but as he came among them, sympathizing and aiding in sickness and always with a kind word for everyone, he had but the love and homage of all.

No student who was reported sick ever failed to hear a familiar tread in the hallway, and a knock at the door and find the Doctor ready and willing, yes, anxious to help and assist him in any way possible. On one occasion, when a student was detained in Princeton by sickness during the Christmas vacation, Dr. McCosh came each day through the snow, bringing not only many a welcome dish prepared by Mrs. McCosh, or a few books to while away the long, tedious hours, but better still, a cheery message of kindness and thoughtfulness, which must have brightened the long days for the boy who was far from his own home.

No student could ever pass the Doctor on the campus without at least a cheery "How are you, sir?" from him; or, as is more likely, without being stopped and having a few words with the man and scholar, who was never too much preoccupied to think of others and to take an interest in their daily life.

To be sure he sometimes was not quite sure of their names, but he "always thought he knew them," and the kindly spirit was there after all. Nowhere was Dr. McCosh a more familiar sight than in the Library. He took a most profound interest in the reading done by the students, and it was no uncommon thing to see him approach one and another of them, ask for the book they held in their hand, and say a few words of advice or encouragement. What wonder is it his boys loved him.

As a disciplinarian the Doctor was very strict. The year after his inauguration he summoned Matthew Goldie to the college, and such was the confidence that he reposed in him that "Matt's" judgment was always final with him. Many of Goldie's move-

ments were personally directed by Dr. McCosh, and it did not require very much to bring the Doctor himself out on the campus at the first suspicion of any trouble among the students. In the Faculty it is said that the Doctor would sit quietly with head bent, apparently unobservant of the matter before that body. But all at once, so suddenly as to startle those about him, he would raise his head and deliver his ideas on the subject in question with such force and directness as to leave no doubt in any one's mind of his own opinions, or of the fact that he meant to maintain them.

Nowhere is his character more clearly shown than in the energy with which he stamped out the fraternities here in Princeton. In open defiance of the laws of the college the societies had flourished here for years. But Dr. McCosh himself collected evidence of such a nature as to warrant the dismissal of every member of them from college and it was only upon the surrender of the charters of all the societies that the members were allowed to return.

While Dr. McCosh never allowed his sympathy for an offender to affect or alter his stern sense of justice, his duty once done, his nature asserted itself, and it is said that he would even take the trouble to follow up those whom he had expelled, and keep track of their movements.

Those of his students who did well in after life were a continual source of pleasure and pride to him. All of us remember times of victory or rejoicing, when we have gathered about the porch of his house and heard of "his boys" who were back here as professors, or who had succeeded elsewhere. We smiled sometimes, but how characteristic was it of the large heart and loving pride which made "my boys" of all whom he knew as students, and "my college" of Princeton, the development of which was the aim and ambition of his life.

Such is the picture we would have by this hasty and most imperfect sketch. It has pretended to be nothing but a succession of thoughts as they come flocking to mind when we think of him who has gone. A short time ago it was an almost daily sight to see him about the campus, and we perhaps did not realize what

comes to us so clearly now, that we had before us such an example as it may never be our lot to see again.

A man of granite, with the heart of a little child ; to whom right was right, regardless of what it cost to follow the dictates of his own conscience ; who wore honors, such as seldom come to one man, as though utterly forgetful of them ; who was all things to all men ; a scholar to the learned, a friend to the lonely, and a father to those who were far away from all such love and care, and withal who was himself " pure and unspotted from the world " about him. Surely his memory cannot but be an ennobling and uplifting ideal for all of us—an ideal inspiring us to nobler lives and higher views of the sacredness of living.

We could not end these words more fittingly than by quoting a tribute to Dr. McCosh paid by one of his most successful " boys," Mr. Robert Bridges :

Young to the end through sympathy with youth,
Gray man of learning and champion of truth !
Direct in rugged speech, alert in mind,
He felt his kinship with all humankind,
And never feared to trace development
Of high from low—assured and full content
That man paid homage to the Mind above,
Uplifted by the " Royal Law of Love."

The laws of nature that he loved to trace
Have worked, at last, to veil from us his face ;
The dear old elms and ivy-covered walls
Will miss his presence, and the stately halls
His trumpet-voice. And in their joys
Sorrow will shadow those he called " my boys " !

THE YALE GAME.

THE final foot-ball game of the year has been played and the championship, after resting for a year under the shadow of Old Nassau, now returns to New Haven. It is but just to our New England cousins to say that it was fairly and honorably won, and that we extend to them our congratulations on the superiority they have shown in the foot-ball arena this year.

It is not without a thorough appreciation of the admirable pluck and persistence exhibited by our team that we say that they were clearly outplayed by their opponents. That concentration of effort, that intelligent unity of action which is broadly termed "team play," was shown by the Yale eleven in such perfection of development as to give it an unassailable claim to the title of champions. Defeat by such a team was no dishonor. Our men can be accorded nothing but praise for their determination and spirit shown in the face of certain defeat, their splendid efforts all through the second half, and the fierce struggle they made over every inch of ground.

However much the final outcome of the season's work may be deprecated, it is not entirely without its encouraging side. The thoughtful and benevolent efforts of the daily press to establish a parallel between foot-ball and the most brutal forms of pugilism, were held effectively in check. The entire freedom from unnecessary roughness, coupled with the exemption from accidents enjoyed by the players in this game, is a matter for congratulation with all true lovers of the sport. At a time when the newspaper sensationalist and space reporter has directed his most earnest attention upon foot-ball as a profitable and lucrative sphere for his activity, it is especially gratifying to think how little encouragement he received from the game on December 1st. As an exhibition of the manly traits which it is the special office of foot-ball to develop; as a display of the courteous qualities which distinguish gentlemen in relation to one another on the athletic field; as a practical and convincing demonstration of the absurdity of a large part of the abuse that is heaped upon foot-ball, this game was worthy of the most earnest consideration.

No one who saw this contest can have any fear of this republic's "failing because of the effeminacy of its young men."

We feel that the subject should not be left without some allusion to the cheering in stand D.

It is probably safe to say that no team that ever represented Princeton on Manhattan field ever had more earnest or more hearty encouragement from its supporters than did this one. The

cheering was well organized, enthusiastic and incessant. We hope that this is but the first step towards an awakening on the part of the College to the possibilities of winning victories by an earnest, determined support of the University's representatives.

The great objection to postponing the game until after Thanksgiving was clearly demonstrated to be the uncertainty of the weather. The chances of having inclement weather are greatly increased by putting the game off even two days at this season of the year. That the game was not played in a few inches of snow instead of in a slippery quagmire of mud was due to the thermometer's being only a very few degrees too high.

We will be pardoned, we hope, if we again call attention to the substantiation of the claims made by the LIT. early in the season that the changes in the rules were hopelessly ineffective.

THE GLEE CLUB'S MISSION.

NO FEATURE of the development of modern college life has been more remarkable and significant than the attention now paid to our musical organizations. What was twenty years ago regarded as merely an association of a few congenial spirits for the study of vocal music, and whose field of activity was limited to occasional trips to neighboring towns has now become an organization of such wide range of influence, that it ranks side by side with athletics as the most important feature of college life, outside the attention paid to the curriculum. With an itinerary covering over 4,000 miles, and including from year to year almost every city of note east of the Pacific coast it has a power for good so extensive that it should not be underestimated.

The musical organizations have two important functions. They extend the patronage of the University in localities from which it has hitherto drawn little or no support. To express the matter in perfectly frank and practical terms, the University is advertised by them. Our modern educational institutions are

to a certain extent as dependent on business principles as any mercantile corporation. While their mission and purposes are superior to this sphere, they cannot be separated from it any more than can a successful religious organization. This being the case a legitimate and appropriate means of filling these requirements is furnished by the Glee Club. But it has another function of even greater importance. It serves as a strong connecting link between the University and the alumni in different parts of the country. It brings them into touch once more with her existence and corporate life of to-day. Activity is aroused. A spirit of allegiance to the University is materially renewed.

This being the case there devolves upon each member of these organizations a grave responsibility. He is a representative to the outsider as well as to the alumnus of a definite type. He is a *Princeton man*. In his character as a representative he is subject to the narrowest observation, the severest criticism. He should then, make it his duty to show the utmost appreciation of the hospitality he enjoys. The mere fact that it is customary for one city to strive to outdo another in the lavishness of the entertainment it provides for him should not blind him to the fact that *personally*, he has not the slightest claim to these kindnesses. They are merely the evidences of an affectionate regard for the ancient institution he represents.

It is then his duty to remember that his alma mater with an earnest faith in his allegiance to her, puts into his hands the sacred keeping of her reputation and upon him rests the obligation to do all in his power to serve her interests.

GOSSIP.

" Oh that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, so cruelly destroy'd."

—*Moore.*

" Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the earth."

—*Tennyson: In Memoriam.*

" Heap on more wood! the wind is chill:
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

—*Scott.*

" **H**AVE a pleasant trip up to New York?" gently cooed the Kettle as the Gossip wearily sank into the most comfortable chair in the sanctum, drawing what consolation he could from a Sweet Caporal.

" Shut up," thundered the Gossip, making what thunder he could with a weak hope-to-be-all-right-again-though voice, at the same time blowing a puff of smoke into the air which slowly shaped itself into a large sized D, while a moment later a little stir in the atmosphere carried the lower stratum of smoke in the D out beyond it, making what looked very much like a dash.

The Gossip took note of it and to his eye the *tout ensemble* looked ridiculously like D—. It hovered a few moments in the air, then gradually dispersing and thinning out soon disappeared altogether.

The Gossip laughed.

If Gossip had done anything but laugh, the act would never have been chronicled; but he laughed, for the first time in many days. It was a curious coincidence, for he had thought just what the smoke had declared and had been saved the trouble of saying it, although sometimes—not very often—there's just a little comfort in saying something naughty. You can't tell exactly wherein lies the comfort, except that you can be just as devilish as the thing that's gone wrong—meet it at its own level, so to speak.

" That sounds better," purred the Kettle. " One would rather hear laughter than be associated with the eternal hard-luck-story man. I noticed what you saw myself, 'Goes,' old man. There was just a bit of a lesson underlying it. It's a great thing to be philosophical. Most college men are so. You saw how clearly and distinctly that smoke loomed up for awhile, but it vanished; disappeared; evaporated. Now, by the way you've been acting, one would be led to believe that we had come

to this moment to stay, but we're still going along—look at your watch and prove it for yourself."

Gossip did so.

"The irrigation is on you, 'Kett,' old boy."

"The what?" asked the Kettle.

"To speak vulgarly, the beers, for I didn't wind my watch, but I'll take your word for it. Oh, yes, you're right, for there goes midnight pealed from 'Old North,' and I remember distinctly having heard eleven strike; yes, we're still moving.

"The beers are yours, nevertheless, partner, but, to come to the point, we are still jogging on toward a year from now; well, that's all we want.

"You see so many daily papers depicting us as coffins with 'Requiescat in Pace' placed on it in wreath form and all that sort of thing, but we want to go a little beyond that.

"How's this:

" ' Requiescat in Pace '
Is what most tombstones say,
But better : ' Never rest at all
'Till Eli's downed to stay ! '

"I heard that; not half bad, eh?"

"Good enough," Gossip answered, "and now that that matter has been properly settled we might as well cast our eyes about us and attend to all that's got to be attended to now. There's Christmas, New Year, Glee Club trip, dramatics—why, when you come right down to it and think for a while you wonder how it is you can make time for lectures and things like that. But a fellow must be considerate—it must be an awfully hard task to talk to empty benches. However, in a few days they will be empty and remain in that state for a period of two weeks. Christmas has "come," and with it all the necessary attendants so far as bustle and preparation are concerned.

"But somehow Christmas is not as it used to be when we were just a little younger than we are now.

"We've found out—at least many of us have—that Santa Claus is merely in the abstract, and that's the element we miss. There was something particularly fascinating to us to hear of Saint Nick, his rein-deers, his method of entering the home, and all of it linked with snow, toys, candy, and the big brown plum pudding. Those were the days when we sat in the front row at the Christmas pantomime—nowadays we're shifting the scenes, as others did for us.

"But one doesn't lose that feeling of good-will and geniality toward everybody and everything. There's a feeling of warmth—a glow of some kind even in the crisp, cold winter air. Everything seems to be pervaded with steaming stuffed turkeys, cranberries, mistletoe, plum puddings, charity, kindness, humanity, all in an incongruous and happy muddle. The mendicant stops you in the street for alms, and where at

any other time you might refuse and think—'loafer or whisky'—now you give him the asked-for dime or quarter; you hate to refuse him, you feel so happy yourself.

"It's all awfully nice and as it should be, and although 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,' you feel there is humanity dormant somewhere, but you do wish that it didn't simply come to the fore on occasions—such as Christmas—once a year."

"Plenty good enough sentiments, I claim," whispered the Kettle. "Ah, my boy, if you only had the requisite power of expression and could write a little, you'd be a cuckoo!"

"Bye, bye," added the Gossip, "I'm going out to get those beers—on you."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

How doth the busy candidate
Improve each shining hour.

—Old Chinese Proverb.

"Every one to his own taste," as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.—*Nicolas of Cusa*.

THE Table had just shaken off the proverbial dust, rolled up before the grate, and was settling down to an evening alone, on business bent, when there came a thump, thump at the door, not too loud, not too aggressive, yet demanding entrance, and the ruffled Table does not have to guess twice to tell before opening the door that its henchmen—Hunk's, Tunk's or Plunk's, all candidates for such and such an office, and each the best man, sure of election, according as the present visitants are supporters of Hunk, Tunk or Plunk.

"Come in," growls the Table, and immediately prepares to look pleasant.

"Hello, Old Man, so glad to see you,—ah—er—I saw your light and just dropped in, you know, to make a little social call. Just to be sociable, you know; and—by the way, who you going to vote for?"

The Table wipes his weary brow. He remembers having been asked that same question some couple of hundred times the past two days and, pahaw! he don't know. Not that he has not known definitely a dozen different times that he has firmly decided to vote for this candidate or that candidate, but with so many fellows in the field how in the world could a Table that was not entirely wooden and only a very small part mucilage stick to one candidate through all this hot campaign? In short, the Table is again in doubt. So the henchmen find a comfortable place on the Table's divan, plant their feet on the Table's newest sofa pillow, help themselves to the Table's Yale Mixture, in the Table's mel-lowest pipe, absorb the Table's heat and consume two hours of the Table's valuable time, when he has a final written recitation in "Philosophy from Descartes to Kant," with especial attention to "The Ancient Theories of Space Perception, with Their Bearing on a *posteriori* Truth," on the morrow, with another the next day on "Poetical Theories," followed by a third a day or two later, wherein the supposed-to-be-erudite Table is expected to cover "English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson," all in one short hour, not to mention a debate in the Hall on the China-Japanese question and a thesis of several odd thousand words, due for the Sunday Mite Club, under the unassuming title of "The Necessity of a Thorough Knowledge of the Unknowable from the Standpoint of the Spinozic Noetics"; and then—but, as we were about to

mention, they (the henchmen), proceed to consume two hours of the Table's valuable time in discussing the good qualities of this candidate and the bad qualities of that—all good fellows, of course, but "ours" a shade the best, till the poor Table is convinced that what he knows he don't know, or at any rate that what he thought he once knew, that he is now sure that he is not so sure of after all, and he finally gives once more his tentative promise to support Hunk So-and-So on the first ballot, provided always that the Table's friend and clubmate Tunk Such-and-Such has decided not to run, as is now by the supporters of Hunk strenuously maintained to be the latest and irrevocable decision of the Table's friend Tunk. "But only the first ballot for candidate Hunk," cautions the Table as his visitors bow themselves out, "and after that I'm all at sea."

Yes, the poor Table is all at sea as to everything. For no sooner have Hunk's champions taken their departure than the supporters of Plunk make their visit number ten, and it's up and down, pro and con with all the candidates again, and, before Plunk's henchmen have gone, the Table is sure to have promised diametrically opposite to his former pledge and is minus half a box of Yale Mixture for his pliability.

And so it goes. "Why," do you ask? Easy. Because the candidates are, every one of them, such royal good fellows that the Table cannot for more than a minute harbor the idea of not giving each aspirant his most hearty and enthusiastic support. The whole difficulty arises from the fact that the rules most arbitrarily prohibit a man from casting more than one vote.

But now they are all gone, and the Table, left to his own unruffled reflections, pulls himself together once more and rolls up before the cosy fire for an hour's silent communion with his friends among the colleges. Here he is always sure to find enjoyment, and his brief half-year's acquaintance with them is already ripening into a warm friendship. There's the neat, and clean, and always welcome face of *The Dartmouth Lit.*, with its ever-green pine tree telling of old Dartmouth; *The Amherst Lit.* with its picturesque blue and white cover, showing the row of ancient buildings and clock in the time-worn tower that (in the picture) always stands at ten minutes of three and never gets any farther, no matter how progressive and advanced may be the men that in these latter days gather beneath that tower; then there is *The Yale Lit.*, always welcome and sure to have as much of solidity and conservatism within as its outer dress bears promise of; another old friend is *The Brown Magazine*, with its typographically neat cover of appropriate light and dark brown; and a newer friend, which has quickly won a high place for itself in The Table's batch of affections, namely, *The Columbia Literary Monthly*, a magazine which although now in its third volume only, is already among the best of our college Lits. Then there's the very literary-appearing *Williams Lit.*, another old friend, always bright. But indeed, there are so many and they are all so good—the *Wellesley*, the *Vassar*, the *Smith*,

the *Kalends*, and all the rest—that, as in the case of deciding between the candidates an hour ago, The Table is all at sea as to which is best. But come, let us look inside some of the November numbers and commune for a little while in this wee world of delightful good humor, suggestiveness and good sense.

The Table is pleased to notice the much more representative character of the latest *Williams Lit.*, in comparison with some former numbers. This is as it should be. It indicates a state of affairs which should exist in all our colleges—a true spirit of literature outside of the sanctum as well as within. “Lowell the Poet,” is the leading paper of the *Williams*, and in many respects deserves its place of honor. Although somewhat indiscriminately eulogistic, and as an essay lacking unity, it is yet a worthy picture of Lowell, and as a literary production has considerable merit of style. Of it one may note a fault common to many amateur essays, its tendency to run into extravagant expressions of opinion, which a little consideration would doubtless correct. Take, for instance, this:

“There are few men to whom money and temporal pleasure are not enough justification for living.”

Dig down below the surface, take people for what they are at bottom, and The Table believes that you will find that back of the desire for money and temporal pleasure many men—yes, most men—are actuated by worthy motives. The mere mention of the family, the state, the social fabric, immediately suggest deeper things. But The Table must here plead guilty to having little sympathy with the modern spirit of cynicism. He has a deep faith in his brother man. He does not believe there is any real ground for the charge of the old Greek philosopher that “most men are bad”—although, perchance, the story of “Kid” in the *Harvard Advocate* may have some foundation in undergraduate life at Harvard. Yes, it may be true to life there, but The Table doubts it. We cannot get ourselves to believe that any institution of old New England is quite so far gone as that “Kid” story represents. And so The Table is not so very much surprised at the voice of condemnation that was raised on the publication of this bit of so-called realism. But there is room for surprise, and The Table participates in this latter, that the moral sentiment of the institution will tolerate such rot. “Oh, but it’s realism, and realism is the spirit of the age!” Realism, indeed! Again let The Table ejaculate, it may be, but he doubts it. But it’s only a sample of the *Advocate’s* seemingly established policy of out-truthing Truth and putting *Town Topics* to the blush, much to the delight of the “preps,” and freshmen, and to the candid disgust of all people who are occasionally serious, and who really wish well for the college press.

The leading article in the November *Wellesley Magazine* is by an alumna, and discusses the “Literary Alumnae of Wellesley.” The

words of this article have the force of those of a graduate who comes back to Alma Mater to say a word of counsel to the younger members of the academic family, and are perhaps rightly admitted to the pages which ought, in general, to be occupied by the work of undergraduates. After mentioning the works of many Wellesley graduates, the writer gives some suggestions which should be quoted for their soundness and common sense:

If you would live to make sonnets, spend a goodly portion of your college days in making merely muscle and brawn. If you would have "roses and jewels" drop from your lips when you speak, see to it that they first blossom in your cheeks and sparkle in your eyes.

Of the fiction, perhaps the best is "In His Majesty's Service," by Kent Rolla Dunlap. The other sketches and poems are up to the standard.

The Vassar Miscellany devotes over ten pages of the sixty to the writings of alumni, although illustrating this month, as before, the high class of work which can be done by its undergraduates. "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," is a careful review by A. L. Crawford, '95, of George Meredith's latest novel.

The number abounds in good poetry, but has only one story and one sketch in the entire main part. "Fallacious Reasoning," a sketch published "At Random," is perhaps the best thing in the number. The ludicrous mistakes which may arise from imperfect character-study are cleverly sketched.

It is a pleasure to read the attractive stories found in the *Smith College Monthly*. "My Seven Day Baptist" and "The Old Order Changeth," are excellent. "The Relation of Art to Nature" is, of necessity, philosophical and arouses interest; the other essay—"Florence, Past and Present"—shows the fault of many historical essays, tending as it does to a monotonous statement of facts.

The leading article is a severe criticism of "Kidd's Social Evolution;" so severe, in fact, that the writer seems to lose sight of her first statement: "The frank expression of a good man's opinions is entitled to a certain respect."

The poetry is good. We quote:

A QUESTION.

Now the Autumn leaves are flitting,
Twisting, flying, this way, that—
Ever curling, whirling, twirling,
Now advancing, now receding—never still.

While I watch there comes a question
Softly first, then loud and clear—
Are we then mere leaves of Autumn
Always restless, baffled, striving—never still.

The Story of a Fool Dog" seems the best of an attractive Contributor's Club.

In the *Amherst Lit.* for November Herbert A. Jump again favors us with one of his charming essays, this time a delightful picture of Doctor Johnson, under the unique title "The Great Cham of Literature." Several stories and sketches are contributed, and the usual quantity of verse, readable, but, as a whole, scarcely equal to the *Amherst's* high standard. However, perhaps one is asking too much if he expects every number to reach that standard, for the *Amherst* is one of the best.

A cheering little sketch, with the '98 foot-ball game for a background, is "An Inter-Collegiate Episode," in *The Brown Magazine*, and, of course, every Princeton man makes his most graceful bow to "I. W. B.," the writer. Good verse abounds. "Evolution" is too long to quote, but the following is equally good:

THE BIRTH OF THE WHITE VIOLET.

I know of a place where the violet blows,
A shadowy, silent dell,
And only the stream beside me knows
This spot where the violets dwell.

'Tis a nook where twilight fancies hide,
And sleepy shadows dream:
Where only the pale-eyed violets guide
The footsteps of the stream.

And a moonbeam lover guards the way
And quiets all alarms,
Till lured by dew drop eyes astray
Is caught in her pearly arms.

And prest to her lips till weak and faint
They die on the perfumed air,
And the violet, free as the light from taint,
Is the child of the wanton pair.

"Carl," by Arthur Chamberlain, is a well handled piece of sentimentalism.

The leading article of the *Dartmouth Lit.* is a paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes, by James Thayer Gerould, a loving eulogy in a charming style, followed by these lines on the genial autocrat:

O. W. HOLMES.

BY W. A. F.

O thou who hast in years now past and gone,
Drawn from the musty archives of the past,
And from the present, and from future's store,
The peaceful cadence of thy gentle song,
Thy voice is hushed; thy kindly tones are still;
Forth to that brighter world thy spirit flies.
Thy work is o'er, in Auburn's hallowed ground
Thou sleep'st, a peaceful and eternal sleep.

Craven Laycock adds a discriminating review of Trilby to the already long list, and Robert H. Fletcher has a cleverly conceived and amusing farce, "A Gratified Wish." The latter is excellent in the reading, but somewhat deficient from the actor's standpoint. The ghost, and the monotony of the too prominent one character, would present considerable difficulty to the successful presentation of the farce—the only standpoint from which to properly judge the dramatic art.

Here is a bit of verse with a truly poetic touch:

TO-MORROW.

BY W. D. SPENCER.

There is a day which never comes
To light the morning sky,
But in our thoughts alone it lives
And there may never die;
It holds our hopes of future bliss
Our aspirations high,
And life itself is but a point
In that eternity—
To-morrow.

Each sunset brings us nearer that
Which earth shall not behold,
Where, far away among the hills
And through the clouds of gold,
We see a glimpse of brighter hours
Than tongue of bard has told,
When marks of time will be effaced
When men will not grow old—
To-morrow.

The *Dartmouth* is especially attractive this month, and not the least attractive feature is its bright sketches and short stories.

The *Yale Courant* is always bright and spicy, and is especially praiseworthy for its high standard of poetic effect. Lewis L. Brastow has given us some good verse lately, and seems to possess the true power of the transforming imagination. Both "The Breeze" and "Wind and Rain" illustrate this admirably. We quote the latter.

WIND AND RAIN.

Now, lonely on this wintry night,
A pilgrim of despair,
The moaning Wind comes wandering, from
His home of upper air.

The sad Rain hears his sobbing call,
And warms the earth with tears,
"Will ever there be peace for me,
These never-ending years?"

The story of these spectres sad
 I fain would tell again :
 Betrothed in some primeval world,
 The lovers, Wind and Rain,

For treachery were to darkness hurled,
 Lost spirits of the night ;
 Now seek they on the earth to meet,
 When heaven withholds her light.

But in their yearning fail to see,
 Their quest is ever vain,
 When mocked by hope and fond regret
 They seek to meet again.

For he is but a moaning voice,
 That tells a wordless woe ;
 She sees not, and has only tears
 That bind her as they flow.

It is with great interest that the Table has read the many eulogies, poems and sketches of the lately deceased Doctor Holmes. No less than a dozen of our exchanges pay their respect to the memory of the genial Doctor by leading articles or poems, and among them we find some really excellent things. Here is one of them, opening an interesting number of the *Columbia Lit* :

DR. HOLMES.

As oft the sea-waves in the mid-day sun
 Flash forth their myriad beacons to the eye,
 Whilst underneath majestic murmurs run,
 Proclaiming mysteries to earth and sky,
 So, genial Poet, on thy page we mark
 The witty sparklings of unfailing youth
 Yet, deep within and richer far, we hark
 To large-toned voices of eternal truth.

—Francis E. Bauch.

BOOK TALK.

"Experimental medicine, which but lispes as yet, can alone give us an exact idea of experimental literature, which, being still unhatched, is not even lisping."

—Emile Zola.

LAST month the writer of this article spent considerable time in the discussion of *Lourdes* as typical of a certain kind of realism, and incidentally had occasion to refer to M. Zola's essay on *The Experimental Novel*.^{*} If you will read once more the quotation at the top of this page you may perhaps have some glimmering conception of the purpose which M. Zola had in writing his extraordinary treatise. But you are immediately led to ask: "What is the novel of 'experiment'?" With the romance of observation we are all familiar; but the romance of *experiment*—what is that?"

In the first place it must be understood that with M. Zola the novel is no longer a work of art, but is the result of scientific investigation. He places the novelist on the same plane with the physician, and declares that he may experiment upon the minds of his characters in the same way that the chemist experiments with nitrogen and oxygen, or the biologist upon a dead cat. Remember that the novelist is not supposed to operate upon *living* men and women, but upon the creatures of his own imagination. To call a method "scientific," therefore, which experiments upon purely fictitious persons, is as sublimely ridiculous, says a recent writer, as it would be for the chemist to experiment, not upon actually existing bodies, but upon fictitious substances with fictitious instruments and under fictitious conditions!

We do not question M. Zola's logic; for if we admit the truth of his premises, we are irresistibly led to admit the truth of his conclusions. The fault lies not in his reasoning, but in the suppositions upon which he bases his arguments. See what he is driven to:

"Since savants like Claude Bernard," he says, "demonstrate now that fixed laws govern the human body, we can easily proclaim, without fear of being mistaken, the hour in which the laws of thought and passion will be formulated in their turn. A like determinism will govern the stones of the roadway and the brain of man."

Think of reducing thought and passion to a formula! Would you have us imagine, M. Zola, that we are automatons? Moreover, do you expect us to believe that you are in earnest when you say that living beings must be "brought under and reduced to the general mechanism of matter"? You insist that the novelist must be an observer of natural phenomena, and you are right; for it is to the everlasting credit of realism that it has emphasized the value of observation. But when you

^{*}"The Experimental Novel." By Emile Zola. (New York: The Cassell Publishing Co.)

declare that "the novelist is but a recorder who is forbidden to judge and conclude," you mistake the whole aim and scope of fiction.

M. Zola admits, it is true, that experimental medicine is in its infancy, and if that is so, the romance of experiment is as yet unborn. The experimental novelist is still groping in the most obscure and complex of all sciences; but that does not prevent the science from existing. There is no shadow of doubt in M. Zola's mind as to the eventual triumph of the experimental novel. "Later on," he says,

"Later on, when science is farther advanced, when the experimental novel has brought forth decisive results, some critic will explain more precisely what I have but indicated to-day."

At last, after a seemingly interminable discussion, he concludes with Claude Bernard, that the science of life is "a superb salon flooded with light, which you can only reach by passing through a long and nauseating kitchen." Doubtless that is a very pretty sentiment, fraught with the deepest meaning; but the trouble with M. Zola is that in reading his novels we are forced to spend all our time in the kitchen.

For the idealist he has nothing but the most profound disgust. True, he admits that after all, the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* may live forever; but he objects to them on the ground that they are merely works of art. They are not scientific enough, he says; they do not analyze the emotions which work in the human mind; they do not even attempt to reduce thought and passion to a formula! How absurd; let us have no more of them! "Compare," he adds,

"Compare with ours the work of the idealistic writers, who rely upon the irrational and the supernatural, and whose every flight up is followed by a deeper fall into metaphysical chaos. We are the ones who possess strength and morality."

"We are the ones who possess strength and morality!" That sounds well as coming from the author of *Nana*.

But the point which M. Zola is striving to establish may be summed up in these words: "The experimental novel is a consequence of the scientific evolution of the century. * * * It is the literature of our scientific age, as the classical and romantic literature corresponded to a scholastic and theological."

However little we may feel disposed to accept this theory, we must admire M. Zola for his "solid perseverance"; for his unswerving devotion to a principle of which he is almost the sole defender. He has repeatedly knocked at the doors of the French Academy, only to meet with the most uncompromising resistance, but he has never for an instant given up the fight. "I may, perhaps," he says, "be accused of injustice, blindness and useless violence. I accept the verdict of the future."

What that verdict will be it is impossible to tell.

The Critic has before him a collection* of representative American poems drawn from the era beginning about the commencement of the

* "American Song." By Author E. Simonds, A.M. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

century and reaching to the present day. There is a biographical and critical study of each poet, followed by a few characteristic examples of his work, but Mr. Simonds never attempts to present an exhaustive criticism. His aim is to point out, in a purely suggestive way, the general lines of development in American poetry and to show the steady growth from its first rude beginnings to its present finished form.

In speaking of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. Simonds states it as his opinion that *The Ballad of Baby Bell*, which was published in 1856, when the poet was but twenty years of age, is as fresh now as it was when written, and is certainly one of his finest bits of verse. We mention this because the critics of the day have not altered their opinion upon this matter in the slightest since the publication of Mr. Aldrich's latest volume of poems.* For while Mr. Aldrich is perhaps better known as the author of *Marjorie Daw* and *The Stillwater Tragedy*, he is still "an intelligent and conscientious artist in verse." He may not equal Mr. Howells or Mr. Crawford in industry, but he has by no means wasted his time, and the present volume is fully up to the standard of his previous work. Many of the poems show an exquisite finish of style, which is never marred by obscurity or the use of obsolete words; nor are there any traces of that hasty and crude workmanship which seems to be the gravest fault of most American writers of verse.

There is a strong patriotic undercurrent in the poem entitled *Un-guarded Gates*. It is a powerful protest against unlimited immigration and closes with these lines:

" For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Caesars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair."

Elmwood is a tender, delicate tribute to the memory of Lowell—in every way the result of fine technical skill. But Mr. Aldrich has a deeper sense of the poet's art than to confine it to mere technique. The content of poetry is fully as important as the form, and upon this artistic creed Mr. Aldrich has pinned his faith. He is not one of those

" Who have made
A noble art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse."

But rather, as he says:

" I gave my heart its freedom to be gay
Or grave at will, when life was in its May;
So I have gone, a pilgrim, through the years
With more of laughter in my scrip than tears "

*"Un-guarded Gates and Other Poems" By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

But the aim of poetry is not only to convey aspiration or to deal with philosophical truths; it may serve to correct folly and to point the moral of better manners and better sense. Oliver Wendell Holmes has done this; and because he has done it well his work will always strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the thousands who have grown to love the kindly Professor. A large part of his work consists of short poems, but they are masterpieces of art, nevertheless. Perhaps the best known of these short poems—the one which has been imitated occasionally, often reprinted and, as the poet himself once modestly admitted, “not rarely well spoken of”—is *The Last Leaf*.^{*} There is a humor, a pathos, a delicious frankness about it which has led Mr. Simonds to pronounce it one of the most perfect productions of American verse. Aside from that, however, the present volume is a triumph of the publisher's art; the fifty or more exquisite illustrations make it one of the prettiest holiday books of the season.

There is a peculiar significance in this poem, for the poet himself was the “last leaf” of that splendid tree of New England writers which will live in the memory of the American people for all time. Mr. Aldrich, in *The Sailing of the Autocrat*, written some years ago, closes with this line:

“His absence will be shadow here.”

Yes, it is a shadow, with the genial Autocrat gone; for, as Mr. Simonds writes, he was “the best of teachers in America to-day in regard to what is true art and true feeling.”

So much for the poetry of the month. Let us look for a moment into the latest history of the Civil War.[†]

The first part of Mr. Ropes' work (which, when completed, will consist of three volumes) carries the war as far as the campaigns of 1862. The author starts with a clear definition of the legal and political attitudes of the two opposing parties, without undertaking to examine into the justice of either cause. Subjects which it is thought require special attention are treated of in notes to the chapters, while the maps and plans at the end of the volume are of great service in tracing out the various campaigns. An effort has evidently been made to produce a clear and unprejudiced *resumé* of the great struggle, although for the details of this long and terrible war recourse must be had to more extended histories. However, the result has certainly fulfilled the hope of the author that “the reader will be able to obtain a general view of the contest, and to see its events in their proper order and perspective.”

But if history is unprejudiced, fiction is not. Stories of the war time are bound to be written from one point of view or the other, else they

^{*} “The Last Leaf.” By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

[†] “The Story of the Civil War.” By John Codman Ropes. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

lose their interest; and that is where the value lies in the two books which the Critic has just finished reading. The first of these* is written from the northern standpoint, and treats of the war as seen by the people who staid at home. We hear a good deal about the war, at times, and in one instance we actually get a glimpse of a battlefield—but that is after the battle is over.

At first sight, upon reading the name, you are inclined to think that Marsena is a woman. But no; he is described as a "slender and tall man, apparently skirting upon the thirties, with sloping shoulders and a romantic aspect;" and a little farther on you discover that he is a photographer by profession, who spends most of his time taking pictures of the heroine. But the heroine enjoys it immensely, for she has a bit of vanity in her soul, and drifts along in sublime ignorance of the high price of negatives and the thinness of Marsena's purse. She is truly a remarkable girl, is this heroine, who publishes poems on *The Dove-Like Dawn of White-Winged Peace*, and *Pale Columbia Shriek to Arms*, and then has the impudence to sign her own name to them! But her real character is not disclosed until the end of the story.

Later on the gentle photographer enlists in the army—more, I think, because the heroine told him he had to than because he was thrilled by any patriotic emotion. However, the fact remains that he enlisted and reflected honor upon himself and his little town. There is a good deal of humor in the story, especially in the first part, while the pathos and dramatic effect of the climax show clever workmanship. After all, if you are of an inquiring turn of mind, you may be led to ask, with Juliet (if such a thing is allowable), "What's in a name?" Nothing, perhaps; but would not Mr. Frederic have shown better taste to have called his heroes something else than Marsena Pulford and Marcellus Jones?

But a much more powerful group of stories of the wartime and of the old quiet days are gathered in Mr. Page's volume entitled *The Burial of the Guns*.† Like the tales and happenings in *Ole Virginia*, these later stories are concerned with the tragedy and sentiment of the class and generation now fading indistinctly against the horizon. They are distinguished by strong sympathy, humorous, pathetic and dramatic touches, and are told with that simple exquisite art that stamps Mr. Page as the finest exponent of the old and new South in fiction. *The Burial of the Guns*, the tale which gives the title to the present volume, has rightly been called a prose lyric. There is something tenderly pathetic in the devotion of the Confederate battery to their old guns, which they finally planted in an unassailable position that was held for days after Lee's surrender. These guns were never given up to the enemy and their final end was as romantic as their service. The little

* "Marsena, and Other Stories of the War Time." By Harold Frederic. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

† "The Burial of the Guns." By Thomas Nelson Page. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

sketch entitled *Miss Dangerlie's Roses* differs widely from the rest. The movement is more rapid, the conversation brighter and the denouement more unexpected than in any of the other stories. *My Cousin Fanny* is an "appreciation" of an old maid, whose whole life was a succession of struggles against nervous pain and the jarring companionship of stronger, blither persons. How she devoted herself to the weaker and more distressed—whether sick horses or sick women and children—is told with that delicacy and tenderness which is characteristic of Mr. Page's best work.

Mr. Page has always been identified with the South in fiction, just as Bret Harte has been identified with the West. Americans still get solid enjoyment from Bret Harte's tales of mining life, even if his villains are not always real, and if there is at times about his stories some of the glare of the footlights. He is perhaps more popular in England than at home, and the reason of it is that our British consins have a vague sort of an idea that nothing is distinctively American unless it has the flavor of wildness and is dressed in an uncouth garb. However, Bret Harte has been charged by competent critics with narrowness. They say that he can only do one thing well, and that is to delineate the life with which he became familiar in his early days. The volume* which the Critic has before him would seem to disprove that statement, for there is but one really Western story of the type that the *Luck of Roaring Camp* has rendered familiar. The two or three Mexican tales are dramatic and humorous by turns; but *My First Book* (the account of the first appearance of a volume of Western verse edited by Bret Harte in his youth) is found in the book through a too evident desire to fill out a few more pages.

The two sketches of Scotch character, however, are those which give the volume its value. Bret Harte here excels himself. His descriptions of scenery in the neighborhood of Glasgow and the southwestern Highlands are vivid and correct, and his grim old Scotchmen, as portrayed in the railway porter of *The Rose of Glenbogie* and Mr. Callendar in *Young Robin Gray*, are capital. He appreciates the dry wit and looks upon the humorous side of those grotesque impertinences so often shown by a grizzled Caledonian, but he never overdraws his subject. And that is a difficult thing where one has so entertaining a type.

You will find a very different kind of short story in Mr. Brander Matthews' *Vignettes of Manhattan*.† And yet they can hardly be called stories, either; nor are they studies, or even sketches; they are, in fact, just what they have been named—*vignettes*. Perhaps you are familiar with them, for they have appeared from time to time in *Harper's Magazine*, with the same exquisite illustrations which accompany the present volume. But it won't do you a bit of harm to read them again—

* "The Bell-Ringer of Angel's." By Bret Harte. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

† "Vignettes of Manhattan." By Brander Matthews. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

especially if you are a New Yorker. The Critic has the great good fortune to hail from that town, and being a very small man with a very large bump of local pride he may have been unduly prejudiced in favor of these vignettes. Mr. Brander Matthews knows his New York, and he loves it, too; and if the pictures he gives us are too slight to leave a lasting impression, they certainly suggest a wealth of material for the coming historian of New York city life.

The great merit of many of these vignettes lies in their unexpected denouement. The one entitled *In the Little Church Down the Street* illustrates the point I wish to make. Or, if you like, take *At a Private View*. It tells so little, yet implies so much and leaves so much to our imagination that we instinctively pronounce it the work of an artist. And then there is a finish, a vividness of description; at times a bit of tender pathos, or a touch of delicate humor—in all of which we see the personality of the man himself. He has seized upon the characteristic traits of very different phases of New York life, ranging from Murray Hill to Mulberry Bend—"a dozen of them," he tells us, "one for every month in the year, an urban calendar of times and seasons."

A volume bearing the title of *A Little English Gallery*,* lies upon the Critic's table. It is devoted to short sketches of the lives of some of the English minor poets, and in it Miss Guiney has conclusively proven two things: First, that we may study the lives of the lesser literary lights with perhaps quite as much profit and interest as we can derive from the life of a greater poet; and second, that such a volume does not necessarily come from a masculine pen. For Miss Guiney has made such a careful study of her subject and has selected her poets with such wisdom that the book will never be in danger of lack of readers or flagging interest. The style is easy and natural, and the book has the merit of "reading quickly"—the lack of which quality has often shipwrecked books of the kind. And yet we feel at times that the treatment of some of the articles is a trifle to discursive—we sometimes lose sight of the central figure altogether in the multitude of unimportant details which require explanation. But after all, this is a minor fault; perhaps it is the very quality which makes the book what it is—the pleasantest kind of companion for an afternoon's reading.

There is a simplicity, a directness, a delightful frankness about Sir John Lubbock's *Use of Life*,† which will appeal especially to young men. It is a fresh and stimulating book in which we are shown, in the writer's usual graceful style, how to make life most worth living. It is the work of a cultured Christian gentleman, who speaks from wide reading and a thorough knowledge of human nature. No one can read the book, suffused as it is with a broad humanity, without having a higher and nobler idea of the meaning of life—without a deeper sense

*"A Little English Gallery." By Louise Imogen Guiney. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

†"The Use of Life." By Sir John Lubbock. (New York: Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth ave.) Price, \$1.25.)

of the truth that the "most important thing to learn in life is how to live."

Under the title of *Shylock and Others*,* Mr. G. H. Radford has collected a series of eight charming studies. Several of them (*Shylock*, *The Sources of Hamlet*, and *Hamlet's Madness*,) seem to be the application of common sense to various vexed Shakespearean questions. His study of *Hamlet's Madness* in particular, seems to have the merit of being consistent with the text of the play. *Pantisocracy* is a delightful view of a project which occupied Coleridge for some time, but of which little has been known before. How charming the insight into his altruistic soul! How it takes us back to the days when a few liberal spirits hailed with delight the advance of new ideas and saw with an optimism as refreshing as it was unusual, the dawn of a better day for humanity! But Coleridge was not destined to play a great part here. Money gave out and *Pantisocracy* was abandoned. One is pleased, however, to learn that it was not for lack of converts to the theory, which was founded upon a true desire to benefit mankind.

In *King Arthur* Mr. Radford somewhat rudely shatters (in so far as historical worth is concerned) the Tennysonian ideal knight. But his treatment is thoroughly modern and, perhaps, the man of Sir Thomas Malory is as interesting, if not as instructive or poetic, as the late Laureate's conception. One lays down this book of delightful essays with the half-expressed wish that it were longer, for the laughing cynicism which runs through its pages gives a freshening impulse to the reader's mind.

It was a bright, original idea which Miss Fuller hit upon in her *Literary Courtship*,† and one which has made the book deservedly popular ever since it first appeared. But after all, your main interest is in the plot—you are curious to know how the story will end; and unfortunately you have little personal sympathy with the characters themselves. Marion Crawford's latest novel, *Love in Idleness*,‡ leaves you with exactly the opposite impression. But there are evidences of more careful preparation on the part of Miss Fuller, for she has her reputation yet to make, and she is making it; Mr. Crawford, on the other hand, has already made his, and it is now a commonplace of criticism to say that he is on the verge of losing it through his often apparent carelessness.

There are many points in which these two books resemble each other and many in which they radically differ. Both of them are short, bright and interesting from cover to cover—are, in fact, novelettes rather than novels. In *Love in Idleness* the scene is laid at Bar Harbor in the height of the summer season; the *Literary Courtship* takes place

* "Shylock and Others." By G. H. Radford. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

† "A Literary Courtship." By Anna Fuller. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

‡ "Love in Idleness." By F. Marion Crawford. (New York: Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue.) Price, \$2.00.

"under the auspices of Pike's Peak" in the winter season at Colorado Springs, and the Critic has been assured by his Colorado friend that the descriptions of the scenery thereabout are bright and clear and true to life.

Toward the end of the *Literary Courtship* our interest in the heroine increases. She is a lively young person with a broad sense of humor, a capital horsewoman, and what is still better, we are told that "she is not the kind of a girl to laugh by way of conversation." But after all, doesn't she show an undue haste to accept the hero after a three weeks' acquaintance? Perhaps so, but we must remember that it happens in Colorado, where the women are in the habit of doing a great many queer things beside casting their votes against the Populists.

To return to *Love in Idleness*. The question we are likely to ask ourselves when we have finished reading it is whether, after all, the book is not too flippant, too ephemeral. It is clear that Mr. Crawford has not sought to point a moral; for that would be contrary to his theory of the novel. But even if he does not teach a profound lesson, there is a world of fun in the book. It amuses us, and we laugh in spite of ourselves—we even cut the lecture in Ethics because we cannot lay the book aside, (By the way, what is Ethics?)

There is something bright and fresh about Mr. Crawford's characters, and in this particular instance the heroine is very "fresh." She says exactly what she means—her frankness is sometimes appalling—and I am sure that we often feel like pitying the hero. He is a mild sort of a fellow, who can't ride horseback or sail a boat or do any of the things which the athletic Miss Trehearne thinks so necessary, and he gazes in mute admiration at this healthy, robust, *fin de siècle* girl, and sadly concludes that he is a "duffer."

Possibly he is; but the point I wish to make perfectly clear is this: You may not receive a lasting impression from the book, you may be amused without in any way being instructed, but you will have to admit that Mr. Crawford has demonstrated that the anæmic, hysterical, "hot-house-flower" heroine has had her day in the novels of the old school.

Fanny Trehearne says a good many sharp things about men, and the modest Critic began to have a pretty low opinion of his sex. But he has since read a delightful little book entitled *About Women: What Men Have Said*,* and was greatly comforted to learn that Byron had once remarked:

"What a strange thing is man and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her!"

Of course, the modest Critic knows nothing at all about such things, but he has learned from his sentimental friend that it is every bit true.

*"About Women: What Men Have Said." Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. (New York and London: S. P. Putnam's Sons.)

But the thing which impressed him most upon reading Miss Porter's dainty collection of verses is that the homely woman has no show in this cruel world of ours. The homely woman may be good or bright or sensible, but in the long run that sort of thing doesn't count for shucks with the poets. When we finish the book we vaguely see a "phantom of delight" with a "clear, blue eye enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown," and we wonder, in a half-dazed sort of way, whether such paralyzing creatures should not be translated immediately from this mundane sphere. Fortunately, we have no Schopenhauer to disillusion us.

"You are unkind," mutters the optimist. "You wax sarcastic."

Perhaps so, but remember that Princeton is not co-educational, and even a LIT. editor may express his doubts as to the infallibility of the poet's ideal woman without fear of being frowned upon. All the same, we admire Miss Porter for the rare discrimination she has shown in making her collection of verses, and we are quite ready to give the dear girls all the credit which they have received from their staunchest of friends—the English poets. Besides, it's Christmas time and it doesn't pay to be a pessimist (*vide* GOSPEL).

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE WRITER. BY GEO. L. RAYMOND, L. H. D., AND GEO. P. WHEELER, LITT. D. (Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co., Publishers.)

This book, the second in the "Princeton Series of Expression," has been carefully prepared for the purpose of teaching writing itself, rather than merely giving information about writing. The authors have sought to show that the connection between elocution and rhetoric is more deeply grounded than we are inclined to suppose, and that it is not only possible but of the greatest importance to study them together. The principles of rhetorical composition are clearly defined and are illustrated by quotations drawn from many sources.

WHITTIER'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. (Cambridge Edition.) (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

This edition of Whittier's works is based upon the original Riverside Edition which was published in 1888, in seven volumes, under the supervision of the poet himself. It contains the same text in the same topical arrangement, together with the poems written since the publication of the Riverside Edition and a few which were gleaned after Whittier's death. As in the Cambridge Edition of Longfellow's Complete Works, a biographical sketch has been provided. The introduction which follows the sketch is that prepared by Whittier for the Riverside Edition.

THE ARIEL SHAKESPEARE. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Nothing daintier or more attractive in the way of an edition of Shakespeare has yet appeared. The size of each volume is 3½x5 inches and

about a half inch in thickness—of comfortable bulk for the pocket; while the text itself is complete and unabridged, and conforms to the latest scholarly editions. The delicate outline illustrations—five hundred in all—have been effectively reproduced from the charming designs of Frank Howard, which were first published in 1833.

CHRIST THE SOCIALIST. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

YOUNG WEST. BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

5,000 WORDS OFTEN MISPELLED. BY W. H. P. PHYFE. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED.

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU." BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI. (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.)

IN THE DOZY HOURS. BY AGNES REPPLIER. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

AMERICAN WRITERS OF TO-DAY. BY HENRY C. VEDDER. (Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.)

THE SPELL OF URSULA. BY EFFIE A. ROWLANDS. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE. BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MARIE. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

SUGGESTIONS ON GOVERNMENT. BY S. E. MOFFETT. (Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.)

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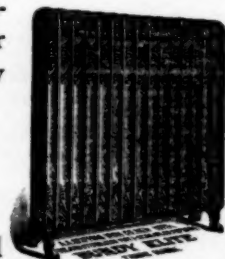
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